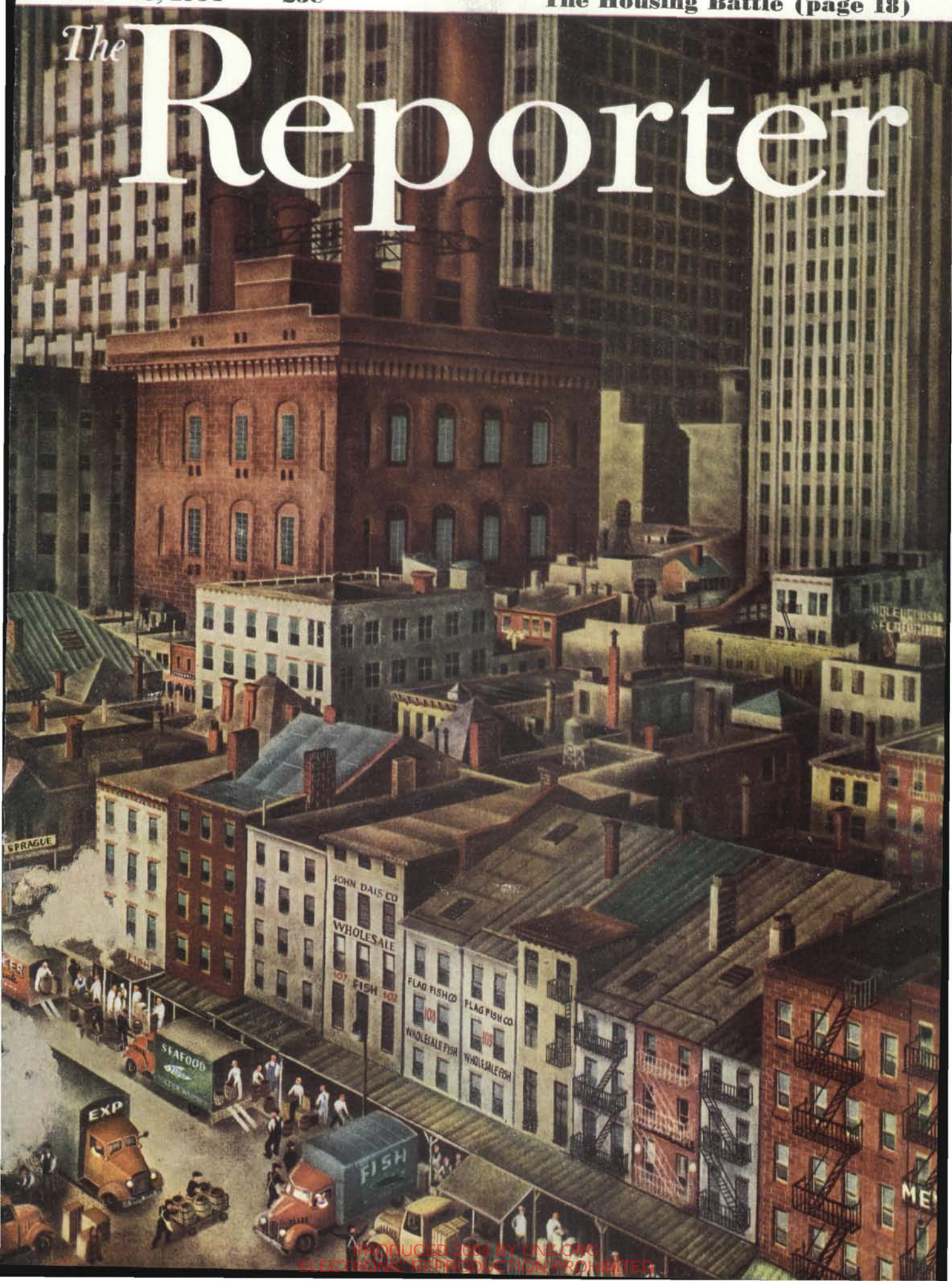
STRATEGY IN INDO-CHINA

June 22, 1954 25c

The Housing Battle (page 18)

The Reporter



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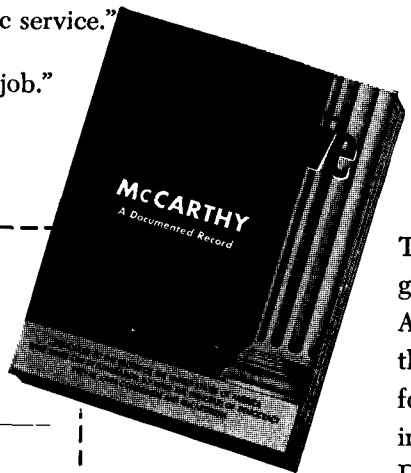

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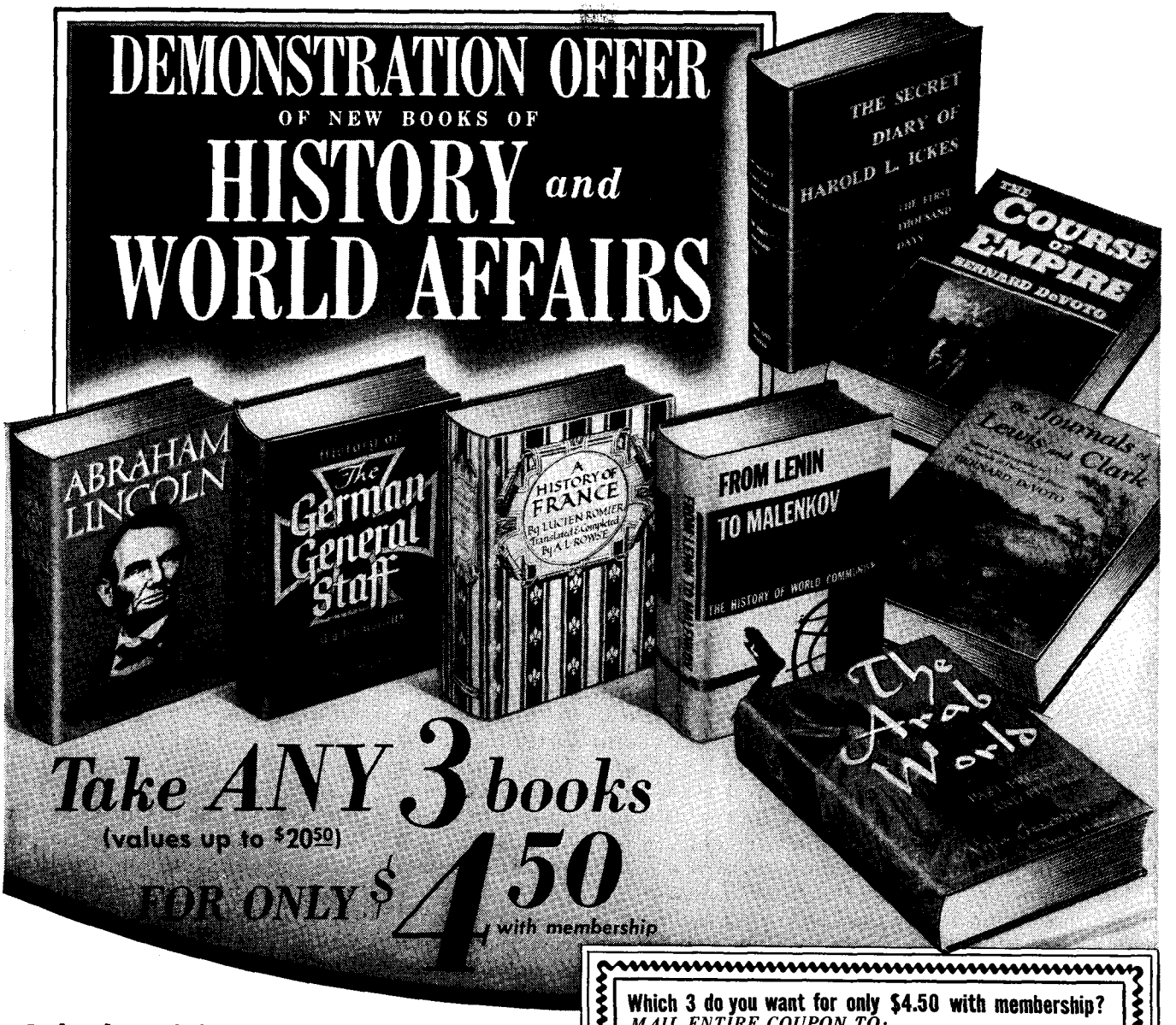

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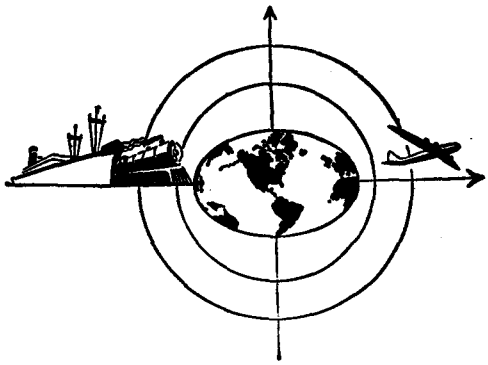

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Mossadegh to the South

When the State Department objects to the goings-on in Guatemala, it has a good case. The Guatemala government shows no sign of wanting to get along with (as we persist in calling them) its "sister republics" in the hemisphere. Guatemala is the only American state that hasn't ratified the Rio Pact, the only one that voted against the anti-Communist resolution at Caracas, the only one to receive arms from an Iron Curtain country. President Arbenz says he is not a Communist and probably he isn't, but certainly he has suppressed all trade-union activity not dominated by the Communists.

However, good as the State Department's case may be, it is not getting across to our Good Neighbors. Instead we are making some classic blunders.

First the threat to hemispheric security is overplayed. Guatemala is a poor, tiny country with just about the population of Brooklyn. When the Guatemalans talk about the "Colossus of the North," they are more than likely to mean Mexico. Guatemala does not yet present evidence that the Monroe Doctrine is being violated by the Kremlin.

Guatemala is, however, a serious political problem—one that should be familiar to us by now. For it is not just the Communists who cause the trouble; it is their working alliance with the nationalistic middle class—lawyers, doctors, journalists, and bureaucrats—who fear the return of a dictatorship and who feel too weak to rule by themselves. This alliance, so like the Tudeh-supported coalition that propped up Mossadegh in Iran for so long, has to be dissolved. The way *not* to dissolve it is to arouse Guatemalan nationalism and give the Communists a chance to exploit it.

So what do we do? Dramatically, we airlift arms to Guatemala's neighbors. Certainly the State Department had to answer their appeals for aid. But why wouldn't an unspectacular, unpublicized ship have done as well as airplanes for transporting munitions?

The alliance between Communists and middle-class Guatemalans is safe only so long as the middle class feels it has more to fear from dictatorship and the United Fruit Company than it does from the Communists. Not that United Fruit, the only important U.S. interest in the country, is to an unusual degree exploiting Guatemalans or grinding the faces of the poor. It's just that the company can't live down the forty years of colonial attitudes and roughshod intervention that preceded the last ten years of relatively enlightened and politically sensitive policies. Just as the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company controlled too big a part of Iran's wealth and commerce, just as the French traders and plantation owners controlled more of Indo-China's economy than any native government could stand for, so in Guatemala the United Fruit Company has had, and still has, too much control for comfort.

United Fruit's interest in bananas is not, by the way, the chief point of friction. The Guatemalans show no signs of wanting to run the banana plantations. But the company owns a controlling interest in the nation's only railroad, and owns outright nearly all the wharves in the ports on both coasts.

Like Mossadegh, President Arbenz wants to throw the company out, whether it is good for the country or not. He expropriated 234,000 acres of the company's land. Like the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, United Fruit cannot give in too easily for fear of setting precedents that would be damaging to its interests elsewhere. Down in Costa Rica, a left-wing (though strongly anti-Communist) government is also a threat to United Fruit's position. Because the company has more at stake in Costa Rica, it cannot afford to be too pliant in Guatemala.

So what does our government do? At about the same time the State Department is trying to line up votes for an anti-Communist resolution at Caracas, the U.S. Ambassador hands President Arbenz a claim for close to $16 million in payment for some land the Guatemalans expropriated from the United Fruit Company.

Our anti-Communist drive and our historic policy of protecting and supporting American private interests abroad are probably handled in two different parts of the State Department Building. But many of our Latin-American Good Neighbors will see a connection between our support for United Fruit's claim and

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an airlift of arms to Central America. When we start seeing the connection too, maybe the blunders will be fewer and the diplomatic successes more frequent.

In Latin America we already have the framework of "united action" we are seeking so desperately in Southeast Asia. But, as in Asia, military muscle flexing is a poor substitute for political imagination.

Dynamic Retreat

Report on the President's "dynamic and progressive" program, Reciprocal Trade Division:

On April 7, 1953, the President asked for a one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, to give the Randall Commission time to come up with a new tariff policy. He got the one year, which expires June 12.

On January 23, 1954, the Randall Commission said the Act ought to be extended for three years.

A week later, in a minority report, Representatives Dan Reed and Richard Simpson said the Act shouldn't be extended for more than two years.

On May 20, President Eisenhower announced his compromise between these two positions: extension of the Act for one year.

The President was clear about the next step: "careful and deliberate action taken on the basis of extensive and unhurried hearings."

Buck Up

It is traditional—and vital—that responsibility, along with privilege, rests at the top. President Eisenhower's May 17 letter to Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson concerning disclosures about what went on in a meeting among members of the Executive Branch last January 21 stated it very clearly and well: "The ultimate responsibility for the conduct of the Executive Branch rests with the President. . . . It is not in the public interest that any conversations or communications [among its employees] or any documents . . . concerning such advice be disclosed . . ."

Here the President enunciated two principles: that he stands behind whatever his appointees do; and that business talks among members of the Executive Branch are out of bounds to Congressional committees. However, in exactly two days both principles had been violated.

First the President at his own press conference testified about the January 21 meeting. He disclosed that it decided nothing and that it did not have the effect of substituting a higher authority for that of Secretary of the Army Stevens in making tactical decisions about how to handle Senator McCarthy—that the White House did not O.K. the preparation and submission of the Army report on Senator McCarthy and Roy Cohn.

On the same day, May 19, Secretary Stevens issued a statement "to make it perfectly plain that the decisions and the acts on the part of the Army concerning the controversy presently being heard by the Senate subcommittee were the decisions and the acts of the Department of the Army alone. At no time did the Army or I as its Secretary receive any orders from anyone in respect to the preparation or presentation of the Army's case."

So the President was not, after all, responsible for the conduct of the Executive Branch. Secretary Stevens went back out to the end of a long limb. Secretary Wilson went to Asia. The President went back into the White House. The Army was the victim of the old Army game, where the buck travels in one direction only: down. But in civil government, the buck passes up—or there is no civil government.

THE GHOST FLEET

"A perfumed ship built by a Pharaoh nearly 5000 years ago to carry his soul to heaven was discovered today . . . . The poor fellah had a small clay boat."—New York *Times.*

There's a mighty fleet a-comin', Lord, of every shape and size,
An armada of the famous who will sail the rolling skies,
They're not ready for the journey, but the keels are bein' laid
And you'll recognize the sailors by the way their boats are made.

There'll be Churchill in a battleship of earlier design,
And Eden in an armored yacht, a vessel of the line,
There'll be Bevan in a tramp ship with a cannon in her bow,
And Attlee in a shabby but unsinkable old scow.

There'll be quite a lot of Frenchmen in a leaking *Liberté*
And Germans in flotillas of destroyers, all class-A;
There'll be Chiang inside a sampan with a Navy-surplus sail,
And Mao and Chou in carriers hard-bearing on its tail.

In a ship of huge displacement Georgi Malenkov will ride,
With a crew of groaning galley slaves and tritium inside,
And in its wake a brigantine a-flyin' the skull-and-bones
Will bear the raging cargo of McCarthy's soul—and Cohn's.

There'll be Ike aboard a schooner slow to catch the rising wind,
And Dulles in a ferry by conflicting currents spinned,
And the closest thing to Cheops will be Texas millionaires
A-racin' up to heaven in their new Chris-Craft corsairs.

But Lord, you may be happiest to welcome, still afloat,
The spirit of the *fellah* in his small—clay—boat.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

A SOFT IMPEACHMENT

To the Editor: As an ardent subscriber to your magazine, I should be interested in your comment on the recent references made by Westbrook Pegler to "Max Ascoli, editor of a violent magazine called *The Reporter*. . . . Ascoli has been blasting away to get Pat McCarran out of the Senate. Mussolini got fed up with Max and Max went absent in a rush."

PHILIP B. ROWE
Elizabeth, New Jersey

(I leave it to those who read both Mr. Pegler's columns and The Reporter *to decide which deserves the adjective "violent." As to the other charges, my only comment is that I am rather proud to have made, both in this country and in Italy, the right friends and the right enemies.*—M.A.)

McCARTHY'S EGGHEADS

To the Editor: I should like to register a protest against something Mr. Richard H. Rovere has to say about my generation in his excellent review (*The Reporter,* May 11) of *McCarthy and His Enemies,* by William F. Buckley, Jr., and L. Brent Bozell.

Mr. Rovere says that if, as he is "inclined to believe, Buckley and Bozell are representative of at least a significant portion of their generation, their book will stir memories and a sinking, here-we-go-again feeling in members of my own generation . . ."

The four-straight-lines-drawn-between-four-points type of parallels and perpendiculars used to connect Mr. Rovere's generation and Stalinism with mine and McCarthyism is obvious—and, I think, obviously false. It is, of course, easy at this late date to speak—something I do not accuse Mr. Rovere of doing—easy to speak knowingly of the foolishness of those of Mr. Rovere's generation who tolerated Stalinism because they had come to believe in Marxism. But if one considers the time and the circumstances, one becomes sober again. I do not think that we should have acted the least bit differently had we been knowing young men back in those days.

We would have acted exactly as they did, and for exactly the same reasons: We would have tolerated Stalinism because we were Marxists who firmly believed our position to be ethically and morally defensible at what might even be called a Platonic level. But I am convinced that no intellectual—if that word any longer has any real meaning—from my generation can embrace McCarthyism unless he is possessed by pathological passions. Such young men do not have any body of reasoning behind them that seems ultimately rational, that makes a great show of being ultimately ethical even if temporarily unmoral. There is no "philosophy" behind such young men; there is nothing there but the young men themselves; and behind them there is only the deep dark jungle where the beasts lurk.

That there are a microscopic minority who embrace McCarthyism while looking down their noses at McCarthy is not, surely, to be wondered at. Every generation produces every kind of specimen. Whatever in the world may be wrong with Mr. Buckley, whether he had trouble in the womb, or was fed castor oil in a wrong way when he was two, or was slapped in the face while he was a sophomore at Yale by a knowing freshman from Bennington, it is not for Mr. Rovere and myself to inquire. We cannot argue that Mr. Buckley ought to be preserved in an institution, for it yet remains a country of freedom, and we must be careful to preserve the rights of every rabble rouser to try to rouse himself a rabble. But I think it must very probably be untrue that any "significant portion" of my generation has stood up to be counted in this weird group—and I cannot help resenting Mr. Rovere's unsupported implication.

FOREST M. HUNTER
Brooklyn

A HAPPY ANACHRONISM

To the Editor: Isaac Deutscher's reference ("Israel's Spiritual Climate," *The Reporter,* April 25 and May 11) to the "melancholy anachronism" of Israel's preoccupation with the development of a nation-state seems to me singularly inappropriate.

Though not a Zionist, I, like Mr. Deutscher, felt sufficient attachment for the proposal of a "refuge" for displaced European Jews to visit Israel in 1948-1949. My reactions, not shackled by the faith and disillusionment in European society and civilization, differed materially from those of Mr. Deutscher.

The wellsprings of Zionism were not the ecclesiastical conclaves of Jewish Orthodoxy now suddenly become nationalistic, as Mr. Deutscher suggests. The State of Israel was founded by men who in other circumstances dedicated themselves as fully to the national aspiration of whatever nation would accept or tolerate their participation.

When the other nations of the world accept the concept of a supranational community, only then might the establishment of the State of Israel be termed a melancholy anachronism. For the present, if an anachronism, it's a happy one indeed—or at worst an anachronism among anachronisms.

A brief mention of one other point. Mr. Deutscher contends that the Arab D.P.'s are the cause of current friction. I believe they are more an effect of another cause. The unfortunate Arabs who left their homes at the behest of their own leaders prior to the Arab attempt to drive the Jews into the sea have since been held in U.N.-supported camps around the borders of Israel, with no attempt by the underpopulated neighboring Arab states to integrate them in their local economy—this despite huge sums of money made available to various Arab rulers by the British and American governments and oil companies.

Mr. Deutscher lost his faith in European society. He has apparently failed to investigate the oppressive, feudalistic social malorder of Israel's neighbors. If he had investigated, he might have concluded the present tension exists because of the Arab rulers' fear of the example for the Arab peasant of a democratic state in their midst—and that the end of tension can come only through the economic, political, and social advancement of the Arab peoples.

SOL KATZEN
Dennard, Arkansas

THE MOTIVES WERE SOUND

To the Editor: To my mind the editorial "How Low Can We Sink?" (*The Reporter,* May 11) penetrates closer to the core of the issues involving Dr. Robert Oppenheimer than has anything else I have read on the subject.

Dr. Oppenheimer felt it necessary to lay bare his entire life so that he might be adjudged worthy of service to the government although he had already proven himself indispensable. Devoted as Dr. Oppenheimer was to the betterment of the world through science, it was inevitable that once he had widened his horizons to include politics, he should ally himself with causes that appeared to aim for the betterment of mankind through political and economic means. Now he is forced to defend past actions—and not for the first time—that sprang from humanitarian motives, actions which need no defense and for which he should be commended rather than condemned. Yet even his defenders are willing to call Oppenheimer naïve, ignorant, or immature in their explanations of his conduct.

In the fight for civil liberties, we have given ground without having realized it. It has slipped from beneath our feet even as we have fought to preserve it. Then with a startling suddenness, we wake to the echo of our own voices only to find we are far behind our front lines, hard pressed by the foe and forced to fight on ground of his choosing.

GEORGE MURRAY
Astoria, New York

TWO VIEWS OF PANIKKAR

To the Editor: Harold Isaacs's review of K. M. Panikkar's *Asia and Western Dominance* in your issue of May 25 is not only masterly in its insight but it challenges our attention to an Asiatic voice of wide influence, that the West will neglect at its peril.

Mr. Isaacs might well have called the attention of your readers to a still earlier book of Dr. Panikkar's, *His Highness, the Maharaja of Bikaner,* published in Great Britain in 1937, in which this shrewd, able opportunist engaged in pouring the sweetest of molasses over the fifty-year reign of this "great hunter," this "great statesman," this "great ruler of a great state." The book lauds in the highest terms "the proud heritage," "the glorious inheritance," the "magnificent history" of the princely state of Bikaner and its Maharaja.

Dr. Panikkar quotes at length from the Maharaja's public addresses. Their style bears a close resemblance to the literary style of Panikkar's books—bland, smooth, full of fine compliments, of lofty and noble sentiments. The reader readily suspects that Dr. Panikkar's facile pen was at the service

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of the Maharaja in writing these addresses, and that he enjoyed quoting from himself without seeming to do so.

Just how Dr. Panikkar has managed to move through so wide an arc, and so adroitly, from the extreme Right to his present position on the far Left, seemingly without loss of face or of prestige, remains something of a mystery. It would seem that our own politicians have something to learn from Dr. Panikkar.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER
Spokane

To the Editor: Mr. Harold Isaacs provides an interesting depth analysis of the book's author, K. M. Panikkar. But it must be carried a step farther in order to give a more complete picture.

Mr. Isaacs accuses Panikkar of time-serving opportunism. Adaptability of this sort is not itself evil, particularly in a diplomat. We have such distinguished examples as the long-lived Talleyrand. Is it so much worse than the self-stultifying inflexibility of recent American diplomacy?

Specifically, it is stated in the review that in 1943 Panikkar sought an India-U.S.-Britain-China entente but ten years later he is trying to build an India-China-Russia bloc because in those ten years the Communist power in Asia has grown so startlingly. But Mr. Isaacs fails to mention that even before the Communist victory in China, the Indo-Western accord had failed to materialize. In fact the inability of the western powers to treat Asian nations as their co-equals is perhaps the major reason for the present situation.

Mr. Isaacs makes a very acute observation when he states that "the particular kind of Indian political mentality represented by Panikkar" is motivated by the fear of Communist power. This may be so. But it must be added that Communist power is fearful in conjunction with the bankrupt western diplomacy in Asia. Unless that qualification is added, one is led to accept the MacArthurian doctrine that the Asians respect only force. Actually, a completely rethought diplomacy is needed. To shift the responsibility completely onto Indian shoulders is defeatist.

SURINDAR SURI
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ALL CLEAR

To the Editor: I very much enjoyed reading the April 27 issue of *The Reporter*. I was, however, quite shocked to read in "The Reporter's Notes" the following statement: "Something much more important than all the tuna in all the oceans has been poisoned." I assume that this sentence was used merely as a metaphor. Therefore, I would like to call your attention to the fact that such statements may hurt the tuna industry. The Federal and state agencies, as well as our own laboratory, take every step to detect any possible contamination by radiation in tuna. So far, we haven't found any "poisoned" fish delivered to our canneries.

E. GEIGER, M.D., Ph.D.
Advisor in Nutrition
Van Camp Laboratories
San Pedro, California

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

How did we ever get involved in Indo-China? For that matter, how did the French get involved? Our national correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** has drawn on his past experience of war in Asia and on a series of interviews with highly informed people in Washington to provide a basis for a clear understanding. Max Ascoli's series of editorials on foreign policy, "Needed: a Coalition Government," will be concluded in our next issue.

One central aspect of the situation the West has to consider in all its relationships with the countries of the Orient and the Near East is their sometimes suicidal but always deeply felt new nationalism. Because it is based on pride and insistence on human dignity, it would exist were there no Communists in the world. **Eric Hoffer,** author of *The True Believer,* longshoreman and seasonal agricultural worker, approaches this outburst of self-assertion on the part of long-oppressed peoples with simple, nonpolitical interest in human beings and long-range historical insight.

The problem of providing citizens with homes they can afford has become one that requires governmental intervention—a point on which, surprisingly, there is complete agreement. Agreement ceases when it becomes a question of carrying government intervention into effect. **Catherine Bauer,** who deals with this problem here, has been a consultant to numerous Federal agencies on housing matters. She was actively concerned with the drafting and promotion of the Housing Acts of 1937 and 1949.

Dwight Macdonald concludes his account of "The Lie-Detector Era" in this issue.

There is no question that Pandit Nehru is a "great man"—but he is also a man. **Christine Weston** accompanied Nehru on a trip in India, watched him, talked with him, listened, and now reports—with none of the emotionalism usually found in such accounts. Christine Weston, author of *Indigo* and other novels, has published fiction in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar.*

Anthony West, one of the regular literary critics on the *New Yorker* staff, was born in England, a son of H. G. Wells, in 1914, and has been living in this country since 1950. He has written two novels—*The Vintage* and *Another Kind.* He is now an applicant for United States citizenship. This application he does not take lightly; that is why he has written the article in this issue which describes calmly but firmly what some people would call his "political" past, others the compassion and honesty of a reasonable man in our times.

Marya Mannes watched a TV show that depicted what might occur in a happy and prosperous New York suburb if an H-bomb should fall on Manhattan. This picture was a sincere effort—whether successful is another matter.

In this issue we publish the first in a series of talks on music. They were made last season during the *entr'actes* of performances of the Philadelphia Orchestra by **Goddard Lieberson,** executive vice-president of Columbia Records, Inc. Mr. Lieberson started as a composer; he has written a novel. Besides creating most of the large Columbia catalogue of records, Mr. Lieberson has found time to be a program annotator for the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestras.

Our book reviews are devoted to military matters: **General H. W. Blakeley,** former 4th Infantry Division commander, reviews General Lucian Truscott's *Command Missions;* **Al Newman** of *The Reporter* comments, rather sourly, on Field Marshal Kesselring's effort to present himself as a soldier *sans reproche.*

Our cover, of the Fulton Fish Market overtowered by the office buildings in downtown New York, is by our Art Editor, **Reg Massie.**

We are happy to announce that **Ray Bradbury** won a Benjamin Franklin Magazine Award for his short story "Sun and Shadow" (*The Reporter,* March 17, 1953).

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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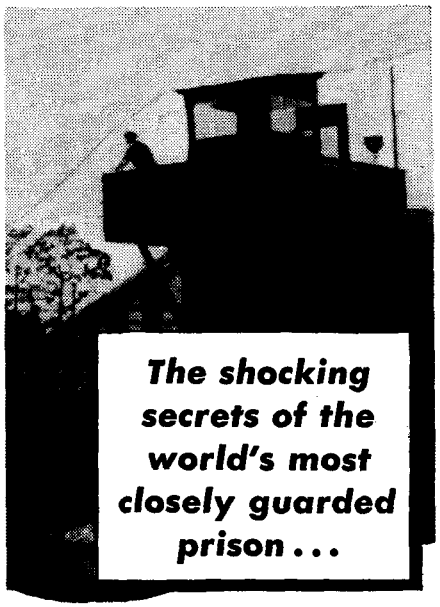
220 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.



The Seven Men of Spandau

Hess, Raeder, Funk, von Schirach, von Neurath, Speer—and Doenitz, first of the seven top-ranking Nazis to be released, who will be free in 1956 to mastermind a plan for a NEW Nazi Germany.

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Indo-China—
The Long Trail of Error

THEODORE H. WHITE

On February 19, 1954, General Henri-Eugène Navarre summoned together a group of newspapermen in Saigon and there, as Commander in Chief of the French Expeditionary Forces in Indo-China, permitted himself one of the most fatuously optimistic situation reports ever made by a military leader on the eve of disaster.

The efforts of the Communist enemy, Navarre said, had reached their maximum; the next few months of dry weather would give the French every opportunity to exploit their advantage; the following year would probably bring about the decisive defeat of the enemy.

In precisely the same week, only two days earlier, the Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford, and the Under Secretary of State, General Walter Bedell Smith, had appeared in Washington before the House Foreign Relations Committee and declared with equal certainty, according to Representative Walter Judd, that Communist prospects of "any decisive immediate success are slight, while their prospects of ultimate victory are nonexistent."

Three weeks later, the four best divisions of the Communist army of General Vo Nguyen Giap opened their assault on Dienbienphu and turned the pressure on the Hanoi delta. Less than three months later, Dienbienphu fell, after an agony of hopeless heroism, and the Hanoi delta seemed open to catastrophe.

Although Hanoi can still be considered, in technical military terms, a beachhead defensible for months, there is nothing in the Indo-China war that gives the western world the slightest reason for comfort today. The chief reason for the increasing peril in Indo-China is the kind of thinking that led to General Navarre's classic blunder at Dienbienphu and to the casual optimism in Washington.

For almost fifteen years the Asian Communists have been developing certain types and styles of war, tailored not only to their terrain but to the politics of their villages. And western soldiers and statesmen, all the while paying lip service to the overriding importance of political direction of modern war, have continued to deal with it in the most parochial military terms.

The Face of the Battlefield

Wars unroll over hard and stubborn physical features of the earth's face. Indo-China is a 1,550-mile curve along the southern bulge of Asia's flank, opening north and south into two river basins.

The southern basin of Indo-China, where French penetration began over a century ago, is the watershed of the Mekong River, shared by two native peoples, the Cambodians in the interior and the Annamites on the coast. Here in the south is the heart of French colonial wealth—the rubber plantations, the trade, the huge rice surplus that makes Indo-China so tempting a prize for Communism.

To the north a mountain range paralleling the sea divides the interior people of Laos from the coastal Annamites on the east. Still further north this coastal strip broadens into the two provinces of Vinh and Thanhhoa, and then into the great basin of Tonkin adjacent to China. Tonkin is a forty-five-thousand-square-mile mountain region cupping a small deltaic plain through which the Red River flows to the sea. From the air these mountains look neither very high nor very forbidding. On the ground these low ridges are sharply folded, cut with limestone cliffs that demand a sharp uphill climb or steep descent in any direction one chooses to move. It is here in the northern basin of Tonkin that the war is being fought; and it is here that both terrain and human resources seem most perfectly arranged to aid the guerrilla tactics that the Communists of Asia have been refining for fifteen years.

To this correspondent nothing has been more evocative of years gone by than the photographs of battle scenes from the Tonkin delta front. Almost any of these scenes could have been North China in the years 1939 to 1945, when the Chinese Communists were learning, as they fought the Japanese, how to pit superior politics and organization against superior weight of enemy metal. It was there in the laboratory of North China in those years that the present commander of the Vietminh forces, Vo Nguyen Giap, learned his trade.

The Mountain Refuge

Guerrilla war, in China and later in Indo-China, started in the hills, away from the roads that could bear trucks and artillery. Hill people are poor people; they are used to gunmen in their midst, for bandits usually dwell in the hills and are protected there because they raid only in the lowlands. Amid the misery of Asia the line between banditry and honor is blurred, and many a man crosses it both ways in his life. The Communists climbing into the hills seem no different from other men in flight or hiding.

Guerrilla strategy starts with this

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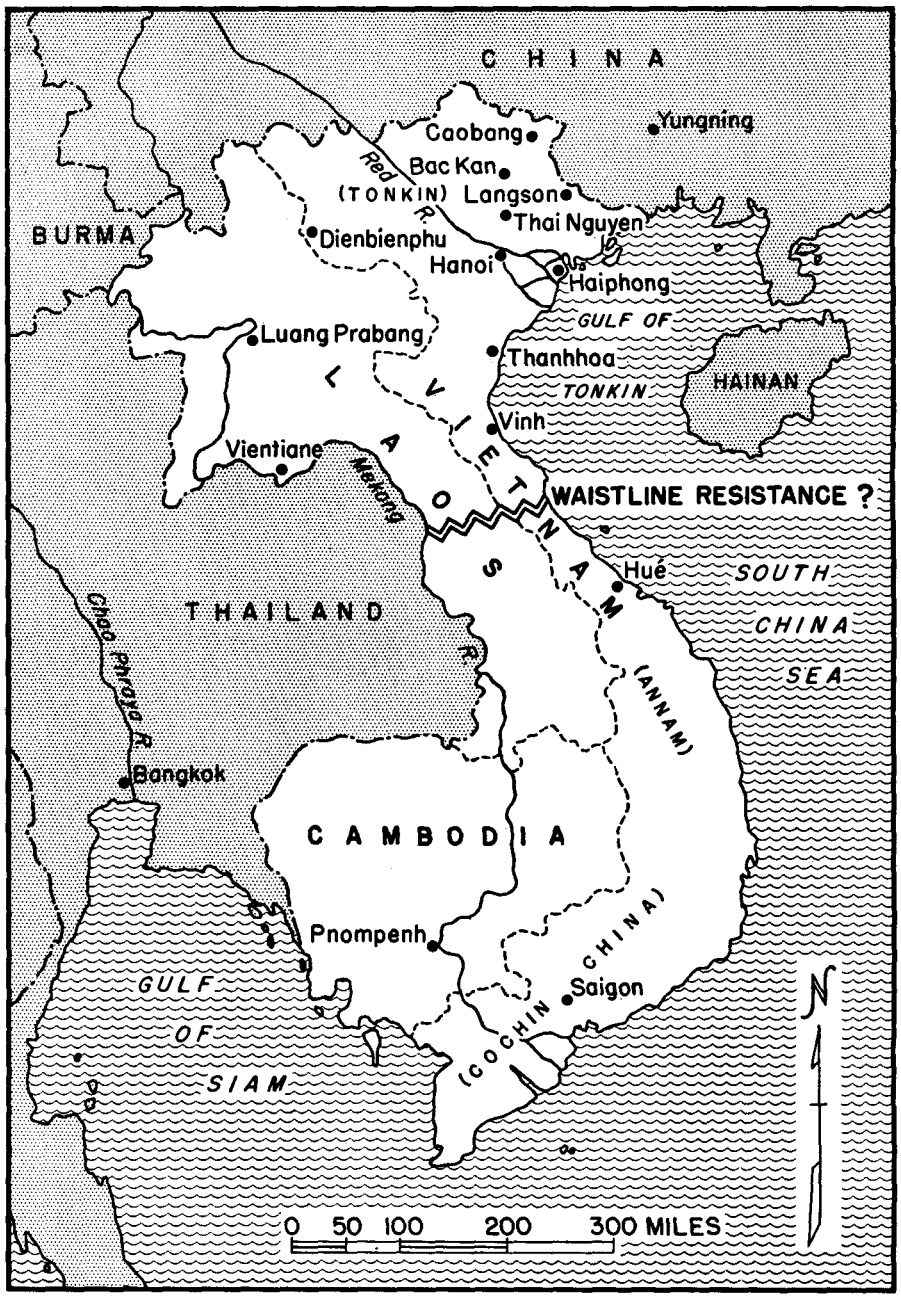
concept of the mountain base, called in Communist jargon "the liberated area." The first move is logically and invariably the cutting of the roads by means of deep ditches, one after the other, at every entry to and exit from the mountain lair. If the enemy fills one ditch, there is another two hundred yards beyond, then another, and another. The enemy can make a raid, send a patrol of seventy men, once, twice, three times. The guerrillas vanish. The fourth time, when the patrol has been reduced to twenty men, the guerrillas ambush it. Months may pass. The enemy commander tires of exhausting his troops on patrol. He *knows* the cities, towns, and railways are important. These he holds firmly, and temporarily he is content.

Politics and guerrilla tactics fit together like the spear in its shaft. Within the mountain redoubt, the Communist leaders call meetings—meetings for youth, meetings for women, meetings for students, meetings for tillers. In the primitive uplands, the Communist leaders have much to teach: They can teach simple weaving and sandal making, they can teach elementary hygiene, they can teach reading and writing. They give names and ascribe causes to all nameless aches and grievances of the peasants—it is the landlord, or the Japanese, or the white man, or imperialism that makes them hungry. When the enemy, provoked, makes a raid into the redoubt, peasants and guerrillas warn each other. They protect each other, fight together, until peasant and fighter become indistinguishable. Together they learn how to make hand grenades, how to make mines of hollowed rock and black powder, how to ambush and fall back. Ambitious young intellectuals sneak out of cities and schools to find careers in the hill governments; sturdy young peasants graduate out of the paddies to join them in leadership.

It may take years, as it did up in northern China, before the guerrillas acquire their first radios, their first mortars, their first artillery, before they begin to coagulate out of the guerrilla reservoir the little units of "regulars" in company formations of three to five hundred. Always the strategy is the same—never to sit still; ignore the railways, the cities; when the enemy pursues, flee; accept battle only on one's own terms; nothing need be held seriously—no point, no ridge, no gap is important, so long as politics welds the people firmly to the army. Gradually the "liberated areas" spread into the lowlands. The shadowy areas of condominium between enemy garrison by day and guerrilla garrison by night are reduced to the zones of fire about a blockhouse or fort on the outskirts of the big town, at the bridge, on the railway.



Starworth

Indo-China

In China, by 1945, the Communists had spread their "liberated regions" like a film, invisible but all-powerful, down within rifle range of every major Japanese garrison, railway line, and city wall. Flying over the North China plains on bombing missions against Japanese bridges in the closing months of the war, we Americans would look down from the air and see a countryside that recalled mediaeval Europe. Huge ditches, built by the Japanese for protection, flanked the railways for hundreds of miles. Each Japanese strongpoint was a turret, frequently with a dry moat, always with

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a necklace of barbed-wired gun pits ringing it round, facing out on an invisible enemy who could not be seen but was always there.

Guerrilla war comes to its climax when artillery and shells to feed it are at hand. By then the enemy commander has become so exasperated in years of struggle with ghosts that he yearns to catch the elusive guerrillas just once, to have them stand and fight in a dug-in pitched battle where his metal can pound them. He exposes himself, takes risks, and then one day, out of the unknown, the guerrilla army appears equipped with all its collected artillery and delivers the climactic blow. For the Communists of China the moment arrived at Changchun in Manchuria in the fall of 1948, when the enemy had long since ceased to be the Japanese and had become Chiang Kai-shek, who had seeded off his garrisons in isolated pockets across the land. For the Vietminh Communists and the French, the moment arrived in 1954, at Dienbienphu, when the guerrillas ceased to be guerrillas and became an army.

The Long Road to Dienbienphu

It is extraordinarily difficult to recall, after eight years of struggle with Communism, how the war in Indo-China began. Yet it is essential to remember that the problem facing the French has never been that of putting down an "uprising" or "rebels," but of suppressing an independent government.

When, in the summer of 1945, the French returned to the deltas of the Mekong and the Red Rivers, they returned not as conquerors, but as secondary occupiers to relieve the British and Chinese armies in their task of disarming and repatriating the defeated Japanese. Not only that, but the French found that in the long absence of their own occupation and the turbulent closing months of the war in Asia, the Annamites had established governments of their own in both the great river basins, policing villages, vocally protesting their independence and ready to defend it.

In the Mekong basin of the south, the return of the French was greatly aided by the British troops of General Douglas D. Gracey, a pukka

sahib of the old Indian Army, apparently unaware of the purpose and politics of the new Labour Government in distant London. General Gracey would tolerate no nonsense from natives; he cleared them from the government buildings in the heart of Saigon, leaving them in the suburbs for the incoming French to mop up—a task that a French general estimated would take "about a month."

In Hanoi, the return of the French was much more difficult. Tonkin and Hanoi were in the Chinese zone of occupation. In the Governor General's palace sat a frail and goateed little Communist named Ho Chi Minh, leader of a revolutionary league called the Vietminh. On September 2, 1945, Ho Chi Minh proclaimed to the cheering people of Hanoi a new Declaration of Independence which began with a paraphrase of the great passage: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal . . ." While the first delegates of the returning French were confined to quarters like prisoners, two U.S. Air Force planes buzzed the crowd to add glory to the ceremony, and the "Democratic Republic of Vietnam" was proclaimed.

The conspicuous American approval of the proceeding was quite natural. Ho Chi Minh and his military right arm, Giap, had for months been working under the guidance of the O.S.S. during the Japanese occupation to aid American intelligence and aviation units. In the mountains of north Tonkin the first guerrilla bases had been organized with arms from America, and thus the roots of an organization never since dissolved were thrust down.

It took six months before the French could persuade the Chinese Nationalists to leave Tonkin and another eight months of futile negotiation in Indo-China and Paris before they could muster enough troops in the Orient to blast Haiphong, the delta's port, seize Hanoi, and drive Ho and his fragile Vietminh government back into the hills whence they had come. From that day—December 19, 1946—to this, the war has gone on.

Four French commanding generals have come to Asia, chanted of victory, held and lost garrisons, lunged fruitlessly at a vanishing enemy, and departed leaving behind an enemy stronger than when they came.

By the end of 1950 the French had suffered their first major reverse when the entire string of border garrisons on the frontier of Red China was snuffed out, permitting the Vietminh and Red China unimpeded communication with one another. By 1951 the late General de Lattre de Tassigny, after seeing his major outposts fall, had established a surface stability with the famous *ceinture* (belt) of forts and blockhouses that defend the triangular wedge of the Hanoi-Haiphong delta, a *ceinture* that might have been drawn from the blueprints of the Japanese in North China in 1945. French courage never failed; only the political direction to give it meaning was lacking.

By 1953, Paris had sent General Henri-Eugène Navarre to Asia; he proposed to bring the elusive enemy to battle once and for all. He dispatched ten thousand of his finest troops by air to the mountain pocket of Dienbienphu, far beyond his own ability to supply or relieve. Chiang Kai-shek had similarly begun his

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disastrous campaigns in the Chinese civil war by isolating his spearheads in garrisons far beyond his communications. And, just as Chiang Kai-shek had, only much sooner, Navarre learned that at a certain moment Communist guerrillas coalesce and become formidable armies.

Now, in the aftermath of Dienbienphu, we are learning from French sources the full strength of the army that has been gathered in the hills. The Vietminh now count eight regular divisions of three regiments each—the 304th, 306th, 308th, 312th, 316th, 318th, 320th, and 325th. The firepower of these units in automatic weapons is stated to be greater than that of equivalent French divisions. Their artillery consists mainly of 75-mm. recoilless rifles, but their 120-mm. Soviet-made heavy mortar is heavier, it should be noted, than the standard French 81-mm. mortar. Like the Russians, the Vietminh mass their heavier artillery firepower in separate divisions, and at Dienbienphu the Viets unleashed their new 351st Artillery Division. This division, trained in China, is largely equipped with American 105s captured in Korea.

At Dienbienphu, Communist General Giap stacked four infantry divisions (including the crack 308th and 312th) with their organic artillery, added the bulk of his artillery division plus his new 37-mm. antiaircraft unit, some newly furnished twelve-barreled "Katyusha" rocket launchers of Russian origin, then sat in the encircling hills and let the French have it. Whether or not the French were ignorant of this power, as some say, or whether they knew of the power but believed the Viets could neither supply nor handle it, is immaterial. French intelligence reckoned on forty enemy 105s plus forty to seventy enemy 75s or heavy mortars. What the gallant General de Castries faced instead was over three hundred enemy *"bouches du feu"*; little wonder that the French artillery colonel at Dienbienphu blew his brains out.

In Indo-China today, the Vietminh can probably summon a total of 320,000 "regulars" for cohesive operation; this figure leaves out their coolie supply corps and a political organization that can graduate veteran peasant fighters in a few weeks into the ranks of "regulars." Against this, the commonly accepted figure of Allied strength is 520,000-odd. Backing this force is an overwhelming superiority in armament: Unchallenged in armor, sea power, planes, and trucks, the French troops can draw on depots in the delta crammed with U.S. supplies. This superiority in supply and numbers is, however, sharply reduced when its composition is more closely studied. The troop figure includes quartermasters, M.P.s, and signal, transportation, and medical corpsmen to a total of perhaps half its effectives. And most of the effective combat troops are in the blockhouse or garrison points. It includes, moreover, only about 180,000 men of the French Expeditionary Force (about 75,000 Frenchmen, 20,000 Foreign Legionnaires, the rest Africans) while the "loyal" Vietnamese who fill out the French ranks make up almost 300,000. These "loyal" troops are mixed levies, some very good, some very bad, and the further the military situation deteriorates, the less loyal they will be. To hold them, to raise more, to instill in them the vigor, skill, and will to fight against their Communist-led compatriots is the very heart and soul of the problem today, as it has been ever since the war broke out.

A Flag to Fight For

The Indo-China war cannot be divorced from politics. Whatever the real or professed purposes of the French government when it reentered Indo-China, the natives of that country could interpret them only against a century of colonial rule. Colonial rule, even at its best, requires the constant threat of force to maintain itself, and for a century in Indo-China the French had been suppressing revolt, uprising, and conspiracy—in 1884-1888, 1893-1895, 1908, 1914, 1916, 1930—as all colonial uprisings must be suppressed, by quenching them in blood. The French were more extravagant than the British in reprisals, in extortion, in denial of personal and civil liberties, and they reaped a double harvest. On the surface there was an appearance of greater tranquillity, but beneath lay a political chasm between them and the people, bridged by no such groups as India's Congress Party.

The French ruled over a people whose emotions spanned the range from deep apathy to profound hatred. If the Annamites lived quietly, they did so because their lives were no more miserable than those of other Orientals and because the French brought medicine and hygiene, learning and science, roads and jobs, tools and cloth.

The lasting legacy of the Japanese triumph in the Orient was that Orientals could now hope to possess all these secrets of the white man, and his power, without paying the white man's fee of servitude. When the French returned in 1945 and 1946, they found the country speckled with nationalist groups of every hue, all of them convinced that they need never again submit to the colonial

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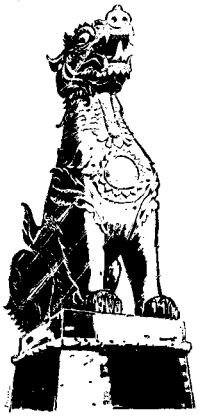
rule that had evaporated in the few months between Japan's collapse and France's return.

The French proclaimed on their return that theoretically they were willing to give the Indo-Chinese what they most wanted—independence and unity of their country. But in 1945 France suffered from the same constitutional maladies it suffers from today. The French Government was a grouping of parties, no two of which meant the same thing by the same word. The French Government in March, 1946, promised Ho Chi Minh the unity of the three Annamite states, Cochin China, Annam, and Tonkin, and that it would station no more than 15,000 troops in his country, to be reduced twenty per cent each year until by 1952 no more French troops would remain, with the possible exception of those guarding bases. Yet there were "details" to be worked out, and the country still had not been "pacified." So, even as French and Vietminh conferred in Paris in the summer of 1946 on the "details," French and Vietminh patrols clashed and killed each other in deciding just who would "pacify" what.

While Ho Chi Minh negotiated at Fontainebleau from July through August about the unity of the various Indo-China states, the French proconsul in Asia, Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, stage-managed a separatist puppet movement he had set up as the "Republic of Cochin China" the very week Ho Chi Minh left for France. Independence to the Vietminh meant a share in the control of their own exports and imports. When the French set up a virtual blockade of Haiphong, shooting broke out in November, 1946, and the French Navy moved in to shell the city over open sights, killing thousands of the inhabitants.

France itself, emerging from the humiliation of German occupation, was rededicating itself to all those liberties of conscience and mind that still flourish so brilliantly in that land. But what went on in the distant colony was almost unknown in Paris. No French newspaper had a correspondent in Indo-China in the critical months of November and December, 1946; only twice between 1945 and 1950 did the French Assembly even debate the subject of Indo-China. Political direction from Paris flickered and contradicted itself as the diverse parties in the French Government ignored or disagreed on what should be done. Administration in Indo-China was in the hands of semi-autonomous civil servants, some good, some bad, split among themselves by career jealousies, their policy guided by old colonists who "knew how to handle the natives." When after the uprising of Annamites at Hanoi in December, 1946, with full-scale war almost inevitable, Ho Chi Minh cabled a final plea for compromise to French Premier Léon Blum, the local French censor held up the cable until it was too late.

The Vietminh forces driven out of Hanoi in 1946 were not then the



organized force they are now. They had displayed not only treachery and bad faith but also their inability to control the wild bands of fanatics, hating white men, who rallied to their banners. When the Vietminh forces were driven out, they left behind a diverse array of other nationalist groups whom they had alienated—partly because of their ruthless assassination of rivals, partly by their outright espousal of war to gain what others thought might be won by further negotiation.

Bao Dai

The French now had a war on their hands, but the prospects would have been far from hopeless if they had chosen to emulate the British in staging an orderly withdrawal from Asia. What the French wanted, however, was something utterly schizophrenic—to withdraw yet to stay, to offer the fiction of independence yet to maintain the substance of control. Later, French opinion came to desire nothing more than a robust national leadership to shelter the rear guard so that France could stage a graceful and gradual exit. But by then the Communists had liquidated or absorbed almost all other nationalist elements. And the French were stuck with the "Emperor" Bao Dai, the man they had chosen to lead the "Associated State of Vietnam" against the Vietminh-controlled "Democratic Republic of Vietnam" in the hills. To avoid confusion, the western world speaks of the Communist state simply as "Vietminh" and Bao Dai's state simply as "Vietnam."

It was not until 1949 that the "Emperor" Bao Dai was proclaimed Chief of State by the French. A vigorous young man of forty endowed with a supple intelligence, Bao Dai is more an object of pity than of distaste. Educated by the French as a native princeling, he was brought up to be pliant and infirm of will, ready to serve any master. Having sworn loyalty to the French Republic, he next pledged loyalty to the Vichy state, then cheered the Japanese when they removed the French, next pledged loyalty to the Government of Ho Chi Minh in 1945 (assuming for the occasion the title of Citizen Van Thuy), and finally, after a brief exile, offered his loyalty to the French again in 1949. Though he is depicted as another King Farouk, his vices are much exaggerated. He does enjoy the French Riviera, but his romantic escapades there have been minor ones. In Indo-China, his mistresses are neither numerous nor grotesquely housed; they dwell in modest villas, as he does himself, in a society that has fresh recollections of princes with hundreds of concubines. It is not these pleasures of the flesh that make him incapable of leadership as much as his seeming total lack of vigor and purpose. For in order to rally the thousands of young, hopeful, educated people in the land to build the structure of government, some vision must be offered them. Few dedicated officials will risk death at their posts to serve a ruler who during the disastrous defeats of 1950 was disporting himself on the Riviera, and who in today's moment of peril is to be found again in the fashionable resorts of France.

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For the complete failure of Bao Dai to give leadership to his people against the Communists both Bao Dai and the French must share the blame. Bao Dai's fault lies simply in that where statesmanship has been called for he has never exhibited more than a petulant desire to be left alone by the French, by Ho Chi Minh, and even by his own advisers.

FRANCE'S FAULT lies in that it has never given Bao Dai what was promised him. The basic documents of French relation with the "independent" Associated State of Vietnam that Bao Dai rules are still the accords of March 8, 1949. These leave in French hands control of Indo-China's finances, justice, foreign trade, and foreign affairs; the Government of Bao Dai must still accept French advisers at every technical and administrative level; French citizens and enterprises are still given special safeguards. In the years since Bao Dai's return in 1949 the French have again and again promised to "perfect" Vietnamese independence. The details are, to this day, always to be worked out later. Within this framework, neither Bao Dai nor the French have been able to foster native institutions in which young leaders may develop; corruption and maladministration in the countryside, cities wide open with legal opium dens, brothels, and unpunished racketeering have disillusioned all those who once considered Bao Dai a possible alternative to Ho Chi Minh's Communism. He has been destroyed as a symbol of independence against an enemy who flaunts a banner of independence that the unfortunate Annamites cannot easily recognize as spurious.

There are millions of Vietnamese and thousands of potentially able junior leaders who either hate or fear Communism, yet find no hope in Bao Dai or his Government. They are the *attentistes*, the waiting ones. They have waited too long. At this writing, the Government they are asked to support has left them leaderless, with not only the Premier, the Vice-Premier, the Foreign Minister, and the Economics Minister, but the Emperor, the Empress, and their two sons visiting or negotiating in Europe.

Enter America

It is at this point, on the edge of military disaster, that the United States is considering entering the Indo-China war. It has, to be sure, long been involved both politically and logistically in this war. But what has been under debate the past few weeks is whether the United States should inject its armed might —and blood—into a situation where the French Assembly has not ventured to ask its people to send draftees.

The most remarkable thing about this debate in Washington is the fragmented, unco-ordinated quality of discussion as each individual bureau or agency discusses the mechanics of the particular phase of the problem that concerns it. One hears what Admiral Radford thinks, what the Ground Forces think, what Mr. Dulles thinks, what CIA thinks, what Senator Knowland thinks. Rarely, if ever, does one hear mentioned the views of the President – he who, from his supreme position and unique experience, should alone see the matter whole and shape the policy of the government he heads.

The primary burden of policymaking is divided between the State Department and the Pentagon. Yet, here again, both great guardian Departments are split by the most diverse opinions, which apparently are as yet unreconciled.

At the State Department one is confronted with the most melancholy choice of judgments: either that the State Department, in its upper echelon, was abysmally misinformed about the situation in Indo-China, or that it deliberately misinformed Congress and public when in February it told them all was well. It is not only more charitable but correct to assume the former. Yet if one assumes that the senior echelon of State was misinformed, in the teeth of the masses of reporting on the deterioration of the situation in Indo-China during the past two years, both within State and from the CIA, one can only be further depressed at the extent to which domestic political passions have wrecked our government's mechanisms of information.

"When I first came to State," said one man formerly intimately associated with policymaking, "if a man thought and studied and knew his facts he would have had a hearing. The State Department would listen to an intellectual approach from any qualified person who thought what he had to say was right for the United States. After that it might be rejected for technical reasons—because Congress wouldn't stand for it, because it couldn't clear SWNC [the State, War, and Navy Committee], because our Allies wouldn't go along, because the public wasn't ready. Now, you bring the same equipment to the same problems and if what you come up with is

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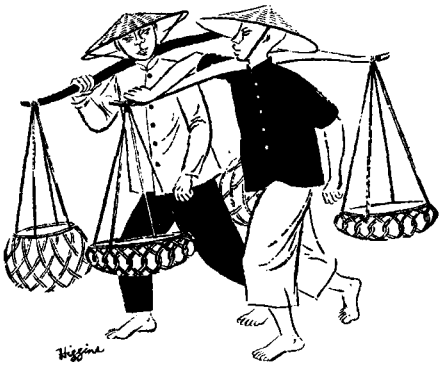
politically unpalatable, you will not only be misunderstood but you'll have your patriotism questioned.

"Any suggestion you may make of yielding any territory to the Communists is equated with moral approval of Communist aggression; any suggestion you may make about negotiating with China runs into Senator Knowland's veto on acknowledging that China exists. In Indo-China we have had a policy based on fiction, not facts. It was based on the fiction that Indo-China was independent when it was not independent. It was based on the fiction that the men we recognized as native leaders in Indo-China were real leaders when they were not leaders."

YET THIS atmosphere, arising from the fear of many gifted men that they will receive the reward of Absalom's tidings, can only be a partial explanation of State's misjudgment. A greater part seems to come from its failure to review all the experience America acquired in Indo-China under the previous Administration, so that its New Look, rather than being New, is simply a quick gloss on Democratic strategies and miscalculations – some of which had been in process of reevaluation before the Republicans took over.

A flashback on American policy in Indo-China shows how difficult it was to avoid the trap in which we have been caught. During the war, the United States came to the conclusion that empires in Asia were finished. As early as January, 1944, President Roosevelt had told Lord Halifax that in his opinion Indo-China should not be returned to the French but should be administered under an international trusteeship. "France has had the country—thirty million inhabitants—for nearly one hundred years and the people are worse off than they were at the beginning," he said.

This conviction stemmed naturally from our ancient hatred of colonialism. It continued in vigor down through the first year of the Marshall Plan, whose funds were carefully forbidden to be used in colonial wars. The anticolonial policy of America reached its successful climax in the pressure that forced the



Dutch out of Indonesia, thus saving Holland from bankruptcy and Indonesia, so far, from Communism.

This policy died in 1949, not because of the considered abandonment of an American tradition but because in that year the Communists in China triumphed, rolling to the border of Indo-China. At that moment, any self-proclaimed anti-Communist became an ally of America, without question as to his effectiveness or ability. Thus, in 1949, to balance the massive Communist victory in China, the United States set its solemn seal of recognition on Bao Dai.

However much justification there was for this recognition—and a good case can be made that the experiment was worth trying—it had clearly failed by 1951. Bao Dai had proved his incompetence, and the French, by their refusal to give more than lip service to independence, had provided the Annamites no reason to oppose Communism. We had, moreover and most tragically, found that the most promising political gambits of American ingenuity within Indo-China were opposed by the French. The ECA in Indo-China found, for example, that American-financed health stations in villages at the very fighting front had enormous political impact; villagers would cross the lines at night from the Communist hills to have their eyes smeared with the magic aureomycin that cures trachoma in five days. But these and other avenues of political approach to the development of native leadership could not be explored because the French, or rather General de Lattre de Tassigny, did not approve.

Believing then that it was essential to support the French in Indo-China in order to get them to ratify EDC in Europe, not realizing that France's weakness in Asia made it too weak to join EDC in Europe, the Democratic Administration nevertheless realized that the war was moving slowly toward disaster. Thus, in the fall of 1951, secret military staff talks were initiated with the British, French, Australians, and New Zealanders to devise joint plans for the military defense of Southeast Asia. These plans, after initial floundering for lack of diplomatic groundwork, were straightened out at the Lisbon Conference in 1952, and then permitted to lapse. They lapsed because Mr. Truman announced he would not run again and thus his Administration became for the next nine months a caretaker régime without the power or desire to initiate policy.

It is this concept of a Southeast Asia Military Defense Pact, born in 1951 and allowed to lapse in the spring of 1952, that in the spring of 1954, in desperate haste, the Administration is trying to revive by bilateral talks with all interested parties. What is sought is simply a statement from a number of partners of intent to defend themselves. This could be approved by the Congress in a joint resolution, avoiding the delay of treatymaking. It is to this end that all Mr. Dulles's energies are bent at the moment, as a necessary prelude to any intervention.

It is realized now at last that Bao Dai is useless. (In the words of one high State Department official, "We've known it for weeks – even months.") But the necessary planning for the emergency reorganization of politics in French-held areas of Indo-China is difficult to discern.

Along with the illusion of Bao Dai, the illusion of Indo-China as the key to all Southeast Asia also has begun to fade. The old concept of Indo-China's strategic position was usually sustained by huge charts showing how the Japanese had jumped off from Indo-China to take the Philippines, Malaya, and Indonesia. It is, however, now remembered that these Japanese thrusts were all made by sea under covering air power, not by overland ground assault. Their advances even in Burma and Thailand could only be sustained by their unchallenged control of sea and air. But today sea

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and air power remain all through Southeast Asia incontestably in western hands. It is still politically too early to stress this point, but sober thinking now recognizes it.

The Soldiers' View

Part of the confusion of thinking in Washington is due to the conflict in views between America's senior military men. When there is no strong civilian guidance, as there is not today, military opinions become extremely important in making policy.

The two chief points of view are first that American air-sea intervention, or the threat of it, will be enough to stabilize the fluid situation, and second that air-sea intervention, as in Korea, will inevitably prove insufficient and must be followed up by ground troops.

The air-sea position is commonly associated with the views of Admiral Radford. This school believes that air-sea bombardment from land- and carrier-based planes can choke off the supplies of the Communist army. It believes that American ground forces will be unnecessary, hoping that the present French forces and their native supporters can retain cohesion on the ground and fight back. The politics that have brought the contending forces to their present gloomy imbalance are only casually considered. This view seems at the moment to be dominant. The State Department appears convinced that Congressional leaders who will not tolerate ground intervention have been brought around to accept air-sea intervention. Thus, with its eyes on the domestic political scene and the reluctance of Congress to go all out before elections, the U.S. government seems backing into action with a military program that can be advertised as both cheap and approved by high military authority.

THE ground-force soldiers who oppose this view believe that the present position of the French in Indo-China is such that air-sea intervention must inevitably result in ground intervention as well. If ground intervention must come, their belief is that the best place for it is not in guerrilla-rotted Tonkin but across the narrow waistline of Indo-China, the 150-mile belt between Vinh and Hué, where with a few divisions a line can be pinned on the South China Sea and the Mekong. Yet the ground-force generals do not want to intervene, for the politics of the New Look have cut the Army down to the point where it is questionable whether even those few divisions are available. Further, in global strategy it is folly to disperse reserves around the periphery of the globe, fighting Communism on its distant flanks rather than stabbing for its heartland. The ground commanders, too, are far more sensitive to the politics of the villages in which they must fight than any other group of people in Washington, and are uneasy about intervention without a political approach that can bring about true Vietnamese support.

Geneva and the Delta

At the moment of this writing, Washington is suspended between news from the front and from Geneva. The interim decision of the State Department is to give the French their way at Geneva, accepting any settlement that is satisfactory to the tottering Laniel Government.

In the threatened Red River delta, there is at the moment no lack either of arms, ammunition, fuel, armor, or planes. The French have an estimated 70,000 to 80,000 combat troops in the delta area, plus many more Vietnamese in the battalions of Bao Dai to defend a perimeter of 250 to 300 miles. There are also some ten crack French Union battalions and five good Vietnamese battalions as mobile reserves. French intelligence believes that the four enemy divisions that captured Dienbienphu will be in place by June 15, ready to fight, as will be two more columns of enemy troops advancing from north and south, totaling twenty more battalions. Within the delta as many as seventy thousand armed Communist riflemen may be concealed among the seven million inhabitants. In purely military terms the delta can be held. But this is not a purely military war. If the seven million rise on the enemy's call, or if the loyal Annamite battalions are infected by the rot of disaffection, nothing can hold. And the political formula to hold the loyalties of the Annamites has not yet been found.

If settlement or partition is agreed on at Geneva, there will be long months ahead to consider the next political steps, to salvage what remains of Indo-China. If it is not, a decision must be made in the next few weeks whether to hold at the delta, hold at the waistline, or fall back for strategic regrouping on a line excluding Indo-China.

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The Awakening Of Asia

ERIC HOFFER

THE TENDENCY is to ascribe the present revolutionary turmoil in Asia to Communist agitation, or to see it as an upheaval against foreign domination or misrule by corrupt native governments. Though there is a large element of truth in these views, they somehow fail to go to the heart of the matter. The nations of Asia have for uncounted centuries submitted to one conqueror after another and been misruled, looted, and bled by both foreign and native oppressors without letting out a peep. If then the masses are now rising in protest, it is not because domination and corruption have become unduly oppressive, but because the masses are not today what they were in the past. Something has happened to change their temper. We are told, it is true, that an awakening has taken place in Asia. But if this "awakening" is to be more than a metaphor, it must refer to specific changes in individual attitudes, inclinations, and aspirations. We ought to know what these changes are and how they were brought about.

Behind the Faces

The same is true of Communist agitation: Its effectiveness in Asia is due less to the potency of its propaganda than to the temper of the people it tries to propagandize. When not backed by force, Communist propaganda can persuade people only of what they want to believe, and it can make headway only when it gives people something they desperately desire. It seems obvious that we cannot begin to speculate on the state of affairs in Asia unless we have a fairly clear idea of the individual attitudes, inclinations, and, above all, desires prevailing there at present. What is it that the ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed masses of China, India, and Indonesia so desperately desire?

Economic theory can give only a dull and unconvincing answer. One thinks of the shouting and marching, and the sea of upturned faces one has seen in newsreels and photographs—grimacing, passionate faces, each framing a gaping mouth. One wonders what is going on behind these faces, and what it is that the gaping mouths shout. Do they shout for bread, clothing, and houses? Do they clamor for the good things of life? Do they call for freedom and justice? No. The clamor that is rising all over the Orient is a clamor for pride.

The masses in Asia will sacrifice every economic benefit they have, and their lives too, to satisfy their craving for pride. Indeed, it almost seems that the prescription for any Asian leader who wants to attract an ardent following is to formulate a program of utter economic ruin. We have seen countries like Iran and Egypt knowingly and deliberately committing economic suicide—not resignedly but with the enthusiasm of those who dig for hidden treasures. The sea of open mouths roars defiance and not economic grievances and demands. This clamorous craving for pride is a characteristic manifestation of the process of awakening, and it is by probing the nature of this process that we are most likely to reach the core of our problem.

Broken Molds

To say that the impact of the West was a chief factor in the awakening of Asia is not to say that it was oppression and exploitation by the western colonial powers that did it. For not only are oppression and exploitation an old story in Asia, but the colonial régimes of the British in India and the Dutch in Indonesia were fairly beneficent—more so perhaps than any régime those countries ever had or are likely to have for some time. I am convinced that were the western colonial powers a hundred times more beneficent, and had they been animated from the very beginning by the purest philanthropic motives, their impact on the Orient would still have had the fateful consequences we are witnessing at present. For western influence, irrespective of its intentions, almost always brought about a fateful change wherever it penetrated, and it is this change that is at the root of the present revolutionary unrest.

The change I have in mind is of a specific nature—the weakening and cracking of the communal framework. Everywhere in Asia before the advent of western influence the individual was integrated into a more or less compact group—a patriarchal family, a clan or a tribe, a cohesive rural or urban unit, a compact religious or political body. From birth to death the individual felt himself part of a continuous eternal whole. He never felt alone, never felt lost, and never saw himself as a speck of life floating in an eternity of nothingness. Western influence invariably tended to weaken or even destroy this corporate pattern. By trade, legislation, education, industrialization, and by example, it cracked and corroded the traditional way of life, and drained existing communal structures of their prestige and effectiveness.

The western colonial powers offered individual freedom. They tried to shake the Oriental out of his lethargy, rid him of his ossified traditionalism, and infect him with a craving for self-advancement. The result was not emancipation but isolation and exposure. An immature individual was torn from the warmth and security of a corporate existence and left orphaned and empty in a cold world. It was this shock of abandonment and exposure that brought about the awakening in Asia.

The crumbling of a corporate body, with the abandonment of the individual to his own devices, is always a critical phase in social development. The newly emerging individual can attain some degree of stability and eventually become inured to the burdens and strains of an autonomous existence only when he is offered abundant opportunities for self-assertion or self-realization. He needs an environment in which achievement, acquisition, sheer action, or the development of his capacities and talents seems within

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easy reach. It is only thus that he can acquire the self-confidence and self-esteem that make an individual existence exhilarating or even bearable.

Where self-confidence and self-esteem seem unattainable, the emerging individual becomes a highly explosive entity. He tries to derive a sense of confidence and of worth by embracing some absolute truth and by identifying himself with the spectacular doings of a leader or some collective body—be it a nation, a congregation, a party, or a mass movement. He and his like become a breeding ground of convulsions and upheavals that shake a society to its foundations. It needs a rare constellation of circumstances if the transition from a communal to an individual existence is to run its course without being diverted or reversed by catastrophic complications.

EUROPE at the turn of the fifteenth century witnessed a similar release of the individual from the corporate pattern of an all-embracing Church. At the beginning, the release was accidental. A weakened and discredited Church lost its hold on the minds and souls of the people of Europe. There, too, the emergence of the individual was less a deliberate emancipation than an abandonment. But how different were the attending circumstances then from what they are now in Asia! The emerging European individual at the end of the Middle Ages faced breath-taking vistas of new continents just discovered, new trade routes just opened, the prospect of fabulous empires yet to be stumbled upon, and new knowledge unlocked by the introduction of printing and paper. The air was charged with great expectations and there was a feeling abroad that by the exercise of his capacities and talents and with the aid of good fortune the individual on his own was equal to any undertaking at home and across the sea.

Thus by a fortuitous combination of circumstances, the fateful change from a communal to an individual existence produced an outburst of vitality that has since been characteristic of the Occident and marks it off from any other civilization. Yet even so, the transition was not altogether smooth. The convulsions of the Reformation and Counter-Reformation stemmed from the fears and passionate intensities of people unequal to the burdens and strains of an individual existence.

The Communist Appeal

No such exceptional combination of circumstances attended the crumbling of communal life in Asia. There the awakening of the individual occurred in a landscape strewn with the litter and rubble of centuries. Instead of being stirred and lured by breath-taking prospects and undreamt-of opportunities, he finds himself mired in a life that is stagnant, debilitated, and inordinately meager. It is a world where human life is the most plentiful and cheapest thing, and where millions of hungry hands grab at the meanest prize and the meagerest morsel. It is,

moreover, an illiterate world, where even rudimentary education confers distinction and lifts a man above the common run of toiling humanity. The articulate minority is thus prevented from acquiring a sense of usefulness and of worth by taking part in the world's work, and is condemned to the life of chattering, posturing pseudo-intellectuals.

The rabid extremist in present-day Asia is usually a man of some education who has a horror of manual labor and who develops a mortal hatred for a social order that denies him a position of command. Every student, every minor clerk and office-holder, every petty member of the professions feels himself one of the chosen. It is these wordy, futile people who set the tone in Asia. Living barren, useless lives, they are without self-confidence and self-esteem, and their craving is for the illusion of weight and importance, and for the explosive substitute of pride and faith.

It is chiefly to these pseudo-intellectuals that Communist Russia directs its appeal. It brings them the promise of membership in a ruling elite, the prospect of having a hand in the historical process, and, by its doctrinaire double talk, provides them with a sense of weight and depth.

As to the illiterate masses, the appeal of Communist preaching does not lie in its "truths," but in the vague impression it conveys to them that they and Russia are partners in some tremendous, unprecedented undertaking—the building of a proud future that will surpass and put to naught all the "things that are."

How Weakness Corrupts

The crucial fact about the awakening in Asia is that it did not come from an accession of strength. It was not brought about by a gradual or sudden increase of material, intellectual, or moral powers, but by the shock of abandonment and exposure. It was an awakening brought about by a poignant sense of weakness. And we must know something about the mentality and potentialities of the weak if we are to understand the present temper of the people in awakening Asia.

It has been often said that power corrupts. But it is perhaps equally important to realize that weakness, too, corrupts. Power corrupts the few, while weakness corrupts the many. Hatred, malice, rudeness, intolerance, and suspicion are the fruits of weakness. The resentment of the weak does not spring from any injustice done them but from the sense of their inadequacy and impotence. They hate not wickedness but weakness. When it is in their power to do so, the weak destroy weakness wherever they see it. The self-hatred of the weak is likewise an instance of their hatred of weakness.

We cannot win the weak by sharing our wealth with them. They feel our generosity as oppression. We can win the weak only by sharing our hope, pride, or hatred with them. And if it be true that in order to survive we must win over the millions of Asia to our side, then we must master the art or technique of sharing hope, pride, and, as a last resort, hatred with others.

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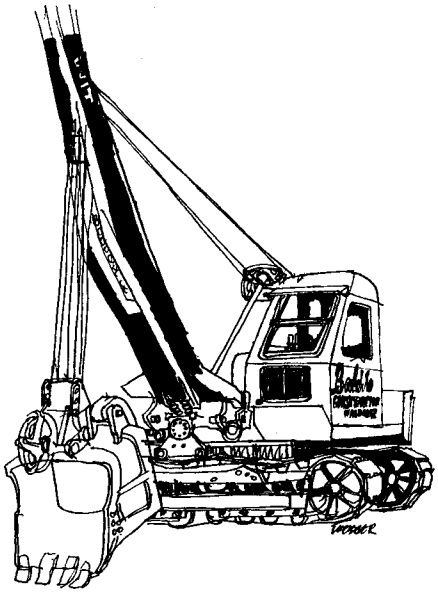
Three-Way War in Housing: Lenders v. Builders v. Reformers

CATHERINE BAUER

THERE WAS a time when the "housing problem" was pretty much confined to the real-estate sections of local newspapers. Ever since the era of Franklin Roosevelt's "one-third of a nation" speeches, it has been moving onto the front pages, and recently it has been there more prominently than ever. This year's headlines have been about racial conflicts, about the shady profits and practices of speculative builders and dealers backed by the Federal Housing Administration, and most lately about President Eisenhower's 107-page housing bill, which has thrown Congressmen, businessmen, and civic groups into new debate about what kinds of housing are needed, who shall build them, and on what basis.

Whether the Eisenhower bill will do much to resolve this debate permanently seems doubtful. But during the past twenty-five years some issues have been resolved. Although the battle cries may still sound like "public" versus "private," the new bill proves conclusively that politics is in housing and that housing is in politics to stay. Unless the government takes most of the risks, private lenders and builders cannot and will not solve the "housing problem." By now, the government has taken on so much of the risk and provides so much of the enterprise in housing that literally no private business group wants to "get the government out of business" in this field. Housing, all factions agree, has become and will remain "mixed enterprise." The only question now is who gets the benefit of Federal aid—a question neatly dramatized by the current FHA investigations.

There is also general agreement on the magnitude of our present need. Everyone accepts the 1950 census estimate that fifteen million of our homes—one-third of the total—are substandard, and that the number of families occupying slums is probably about the same as it was in 1940. The shortage is less acute now than it was a few years ago, but in most cities the vacancy rate in low- and moderate-priced homes is still near zero and the number of families keeps right on increasing.



Dr. William C. Wheaton of the University of Pennsylvania, in an excellent study made for the National Housing Conference, has shown that to get rid of our slums, meet the needs of additional families, and overcome the shortage in the next twenty years we must build *more than two million dwellings per year.* Yet the most we ever built was 1.4 million in 1950, and we have averaged only 1.2 million since then.

Before going into the question of how much the Eisenhower program will do to satisfy this need, as well as to satisfy the demands of the three major pressure groups—lenders, builders, and reformers—we must review how our present system of public-private "mixed enterprise" got the way it is and how the various groups got the way they are.

'Crash' Programs

Much of what has happened in the past twenty-five years reflects changes in production methods, consumer demand, and city planning, as well as the growing public awareness of slums and blight. But as far as government housing policy is concerned, it must be remembered that most of it was fashioned in time of emergency—the depression, the war, and the postwar housing shortage.

Housing first came into the national limelight during the depression when the New Deal was forced to bail out both mortgage lending institutions and homeowners. In 1934, to revive the prostrate building industry, came the Federal Housing Administration. FHA was given the right to insure private mortgages, which meant that the government assumed most of the risk for lenders and speculative home builders. Until recently, the risks at FHA were validated by a steadily rising market, and its mistakes and questionable practices were overlooked. But from the start, builders, lenders, and officials alike have maintained that FHA has no responsibility to serve the public interest or to cooperate with other public agencies.

FHA was not the only housing agency born during the depression. Various efforts to build housing for low-income families were included in the early public-works and relief programs, and these led ultimately to passage of the Wagner-Steagall Act of 1937, which provided for what is now the Public Housing Administration to handle Federal subsidies to local housing authorities for slum clearance and low-rent housing projects.

The war emergency pushed the Federal government still further into housing. Controls were imposed on rents and building materials, and quickie programs were started in overcrowded war production centers. "Cradle-to-the-grave" guarantees were offered to private builders through FHA. Almost half a million units of public housing for war

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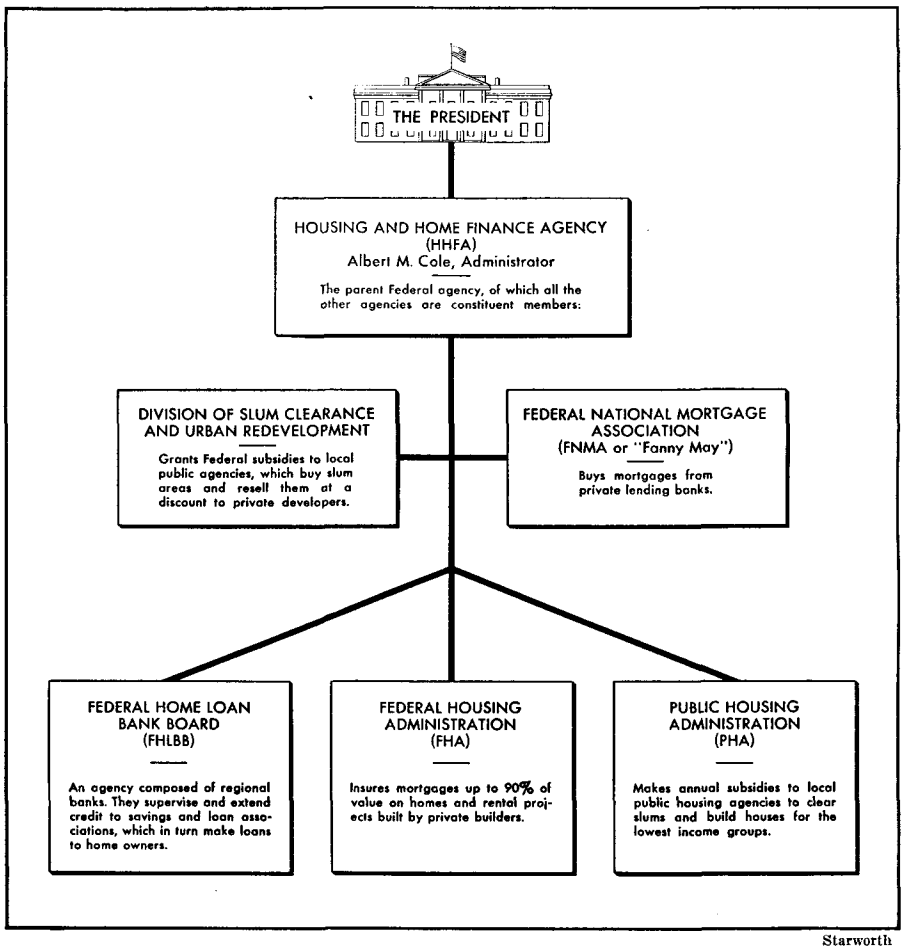
workers went up, most of them "temporary," most of them still in use.

Next came the postwar housing emergency, made acute by millions of returning veterans and by high income levels. The special wartime inducements to private builders were stepped up. The resulting FHA-VA system of mortgage insurance and builder guarantees, with little or no down payment and with outright Federal loans on mortgage purchase when necessary, has been the backbone of the building business since.

BEGINNING during the Second World War attempts to formulate a broad long-term attack on slums and blight were sponsored on a nonpartisan basis by Senators Taft, Ellender, and Wagner. But these efforts were held up by what is now known as the "real-estate lobby," a consortium of the four main interests —builders, mortgage lenders, savings-and-loan associations, and suppliers of construction materials. In the face of these efforts it was not until 1949 that Congress got around to enacting a Housing Act that stated the over-all Federal responsibility for living conditions in no uncertain terms. The Act provided for an expanded program of public housing and for an Urban Redevelopment Division to help local governments buy up slum areas and make them available at bargain prices for private and public redevelopment. Such programs have brought into being almost nine hundred city and county housing authorities and about two hundred and fifty local urban redevelopment groups.

Achievement under the 1949 Act has been slow. The real-estate lobby, having lost its fight against public housing in Congress, spent millions on a nation-wide campaign to scuttle it at the local level. Hysterical misrepresentation, fear techniques, and high-pressure tactics were systematically applied.

Federal aid for the public acquisition of slum sites for private redevelopment has earned business support in many cities. But this program has moved slowly because of the difficulty in relocating families that would be thrown out of their homes by clearance operations. The greatest weakness in the 1949 Act, and indeed in the whole approach of the reformers since 1930, has been overemphasis on tearing down slums *before* the shortage in low- and moderate-priced homes could be relieved. The original theory was that people moved out of slums would move into government-financed public housing. But with strict limits on the amount of such housing, the clearing of slums has simply added to the shortage, emphasizing that privately built housing is not now available to low-income families.


THE PRESIDENT
HOUSING AND HOME FINANCE AGENCY (HHFA)
Albert M. Cole, Administrator
The parent Federal agency, of which all the other agencies are constituent members:
DIVISION OF SLUM CLEARANCE AND URBAN REDEVELOPMENT
Grants Federal subsidies to local public agencies, which buy slum areas and resell them at a discount to private developers.
FEDERAL NATIONAL MORTGAGE ASSOCIATION (FNMA or "Fanny May")
Buys mortgages from private lending banks.
FEDERAL HOME LOAN BANK BOARD (FHLBB)
An agency composed of regional banks. They supervise and extend credit to savings and loan associations, which in turn make loans to home owners.
FEDERAL HOUSING ADMINISTRATION (FHA)
Insures mortgages up to 90% of value on homes and rental projects built by private builders.
PUBLIC HOUSING ADMINISTRATION (PHA)
Makes annual subsidies to local public housing agencies to clear slums and build houses for the lowest income groups.

Starworth

The Government in Housing

The FHA-supported speculative housing boom, which reached its peak in 1950, has slackened somewhat because of tighter mortgage money, higher interest rates, and the leveling off of incomes. The home builders have skimmed the cream off the market for their standard suburban product, but nonwhite families at all income levels and millions of white families with low to moderate means still need homes.

So in 1954 we are left with an impressive array of government agencies to finance homebuilding—and with as many slums as ever, a housing shortage for most families, and a housing famine for low-income and nonwhite groups

Many Bureaus, Few Homes

What we need is not more governmental intervention and bigger subsidies. The main requirement now is to pull together the governmental powers already granted and make the credit aids more flexible to meet a wider range of housing needs. To attain the goal of two million new homes a year, not more than ten per cent of the needed units would have to be built by public housing authorities if a really determined effort were made to use private inititative. But this would mean a bona fide public-private partnership willing to accept the first principle of "mixed enterprise"; namely, that if an essential industry depends on substantial public aid it must expect to serve the interest of all the public. The nature of the public interest must be clearly determined in advance and policies guided accordingly, since the automatic adjustments of the

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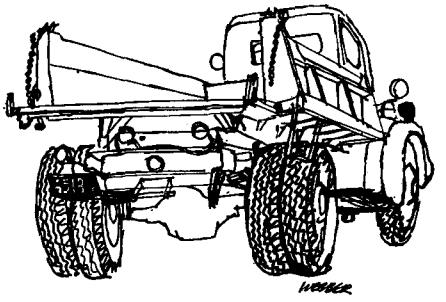
marketplace do not operate in an industry so heavily dependent on government support.

At the Federal level, despite the supposed unification of all agencies under the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency in 1947, we still have a set of independent bureaus, each jealously guarding its own special interest, each linked to one camp in the three-way war among lenders, builders, and reformers, each ignoring the others or trying to undermine them. In one remote corner of HHFA is the Home Loan Bank Board, solely concerned for its constituents, the mortgage lenders. Their backs to the wall in another corner, the Public Housing Administration and its clients, the local housing authorities, try to fend off the cries of "socialism" directed against them by the other Federal beneficiaries. Dangling alone is the Urban Redevelopment Division, which can't make much progress on its job of transforming blighted areas without co-operation from the other agencies. Also apart, and the subject of conflicting pressures from lenders, builders, and reformers, is the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fannie May"), which buys private mortgages under certain conditions.

Dominating the scene is the Federal Housing Administration, the Washington representative of the big speculative builders, who owe to it not only their profits but their very existence. FHA has nurtured them, it has shaped its policies to suit them, it has looked the other way when sharp practice shaded into crime. In return FHA has been defended in Congress and before the public by these constituents.

THE HOUSING JOB is too complex to be divided up among tight little hierarchies, each serving its own interests exclusively and each with its own set of arbitrary rules, rigidly compartmentalized at the Federal level. Clearly there must be more unification, more flexibility, and a clearer over-all purpose.

There is no reason why the Republicans cannot move in this direction. With all the violent controversy, housing policy has never been a partisan, Right-Left issue. With strong leadership, building and lending interests might under a Republican Administration be less prone to hysteria and more subject to constructive guidance. They might begin to see that the only alternative to a two-way partnership with mutual responsibility is an ever-widening area of wholly public initiative, investment, and ownership. Perhaps they might come to realize that the housing reformers would honestly prefer the former to the latter. But none of this is happening, nor does the Eisenhower program give promise of its happening.



Ike Proposes

All of the Administration's pronouncements reflect an earnest desire to please everybody: lenders, builders, buyers, renters, owners of old property, downtown and suburban interests, redevelopers, slum improvers, public housers, planners, veterans, nonwhite racial groups, low-income families.

But of the three potent interest groups concerned, the lenders are happiest, the builders are worried, and the reformers (who include labor, welfare, religious, civic, and racial minority interests) are increasingly angry. At base the Eisenhower bill is a conservative bankers' program, with some minor sideshows for the rest of the crowd. Here is how the program deals with various issues:

How much housing? "A high level of housing construction and vigorous community development," the President has said, "are essential to the economic and social well being of our country." But the bill does not establish any goals, nor does it establish the machinery to work out what those goals should be. Instead, the entire research program set up under the 1949 Act has been killed outright.

Housing Administrator Albert M. Cole says that the bill will result in a million dwellings per year, and with favorable conditions in the lending market it probably would. But both the National Association of Home Builders and the American Federation of Labor agree with the National Housing Conference that what we must have is double that.

Low-rent public housing: The Administration says that public housing is needed, at least for the time being. But it is actually supporting only a token program—35,000 units a year for four years. And with the House trying to kill the program entirely, Senatorial efforts to raise it will hardly result in more than this minimum compromise figure. Low-income slum dwellers may be pleasurably shocked at finding Representative Charles Halleck and Senator Homer Capehart (both R., Indiana) ostensibly on their side, but it is unfortunately a sham battle, which will at best merely preserve some useful machinery for more positive use when the Democrats come back. The absolute minimum required, merely to make some bona fide clearance and rehabilitation possible, is the 135,000 units per year called for in 1949.

Private housing for low- and moderate-income families: With considerable fanfare, a provision has been inserted for FHA to insure forty-year loans up to one hundred per cent of the cost on $7,000 houses for families displaced by slum clearance. This measure is almost entirely unworkable as it stands, and none of the modifications thus far proposed in Congress would enable it, as claimed, to reach the lowest-income families and provide a substitute for public housing. Even for the income groups just above the lowest, much more positive Federal credit aid is needed. New forms of nonspeculative private initiative, such as cooperatives, must also be actively encouraged. The bill recognizes no such needs.

Federal support and guidance for the secondary mortgage market: In the past, the government, through the Federal National Mortgage Association, has purchased mortgages under certain conditions from primary mortgage lenders. Next to public housing, the future of this

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policy is the most controversial issue in the bill and the main source of conflict between the builders and the lenders. The builders, interested in low interest rates and easy, long-term credit, want increased public responsibility for this secondary mortgage market, to assure, in the words of the president of the National Association of Home Builders, "that homes may be provided in *volume,* in *areas,* of the *kinds,* and at the *prices* that the market demands." Such a Federal mortgage agency is essential, he says, not only to finance rehabilitation and home purchases but also break the housing jam for nonwhite groups and to build cooperative projects. On this issue, therefore, the builders and reformers are much closer together than usual.

The lenders, on the other hand, want higher interest rates, and believe that the "Fannie May" should be transferred to private ownership and operation. They want a whip hand over mortgage finance and FHA policies.

The Administration's bill backs the lenders on these basic issues. It grants only a sop to the other side in the shape of a small separate fund for "special" programs, which would finance twenty thousand homes a year at best.

"Urban renewal." This term, a new one in the vocabulary of housing, is supposed to define an "entirely new approach" to slums and blight. Actually it merely means an array of special inducements aiming to improve existing houses. Well and good; conservation is a sound principle. But if these measures are intended as substitutes for outright clearance and reconstruction, as claimed by many on both sides of the housing issue, they merely mean that the Administration does not really want to tackle the slum problem seriously.

The notion that the housing problem can be solved or measurably improved by underwriting the investment risk on old homes through long-term 90-100 per cent mortgage insurance is romantic, to say the least. In many areas these homes are crumbling wooden structures or tar-paper shacks. In any case, the

problem in expanding cities is principally one of chronic shortage: There just aren't enough existing moderate-priced homes, good, bad, or improvable, to take care of the influx. Overemphasis on the slum problem at the expense of new construction will never solve anything.

One pertinent question about the "renewal" program is whether the proposed expansion of FHA's modernization loans will be any better administered than its whole modernization loan program has been to date. Every day there is mounting evidence of exploitation by irresponsible banks and high-pressure salesmen, to say nothing of official collusion. This has been "mixed enterprise" at its worst. In many respects the transformation of the FHA into a responsible public agency is the most crucial and difficult problem of all.

IF THE housing job is ever to be done, lenders, builders, and reformers will have to work together somehow and use public aid in the public interest. Since the job is so big and depends so greatly on the fullest possible use of all available initiative and resources, such a partnership would harm no legitimate interests. Indeed, it would be much more profitable for everyone concerned than the present limited and chaotic system.

Despite some evidence of real understanding and effort on the part of Housing Administrator Cole, the Administration's program won't do the job. The Republicans are tinkering with a vital segment of national policy rather than attacking it frontally, and they are throwing away a big chance.

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The Lie-Detector Era

II. 'It's a Lot Easier, and It Don't Leave Marks'

DWIGHT MACDONALD

"THE LIE DETECTOR is here to stay. It is slowly but surely worming its way into the cancerous and parasitical habits of deception which have been gnawing insidiously at the vitals of human society for untold centuries." Thus one of the pioneers in lie detection, the late Dr. William Moulton Marston, in his authoritative book, *The Lie Detector Test* (Richard R. Smith, 1938).

"Lifting our gaze to farther horizons," Dr. Marston went on, "three possibilities for world-wide application of the deception test appear. . . ." The possibilities were (1) in politics ("Suppose every candidate for public office had to take a Lie Detector examination on his past record . . ."); (2) "in marital and domestic affairs" (to find out what people *really* think of each other); (3) "to supply a motive for moral education . . . It is one thing for a youngster to feel vague, uneasy stirrings of conscience when he lies or cheats or steals. It is quite another thing for him to know that he will be caught whenever he is compelled to take a Lie Detector test."

Alas for such Utopian visions! Far from advancing to broader triumphs, the profession of late years has been on the defensive, if not in a state of crisis.

Although the polygraph, the most commonly used type of lie detector, has been refined and improved since 1918 by a series of reputable criminologists, beginning with Dr. Marston himself, its scientific standing is still doubtful. Our courts, for example, do not yet admit its findings in evidence. The doubts proceed from two incontrovertible facts: (1) The worth of a polygraph test depends about ten per cent on the machine and about ninety per cent on the training, skill, experience, and responsibility of the examiner who uses the machine; (2) according to members of the profession themselves, only about one-tenth of the four hundred or so examiners now giving lie-detection tests are adequately qualified. The human element, in short, is at once all-important and deficient.

THE MOST ACUTE current problem in polygraphy, therefore, is how to set and maintain professional standards. It was chiefly this problem that led to the founding in 1947 of the International Society for the Detection of Deception, with the motto "Truth Through Science." The organization's name has recently been changed to the Academy for Scientific Interrogation.

The Academy now has about 150 members and puts out a fascinating *Bulletin,* which includes full reports on meetings (except the one in Louisville last year—somebody stole the tape recorder) as well as miscellaneous news items, such as the one about the use of the polygraph to clear the manager of the Buffalo Bisons of the charge of spitting in an umpire's face. The *Bulletin* also divulges tricks of the trade such as this one reported by Sheriff "Buckshot" Lane of Wharton County, Texas, who ran unsuccessfully for Congress in 1952: "In my detector room, I have nothing but chairs, the desk and the machine, and always, in a very prominent spot, the Bible. I found the Bible works well beside the machine. . . . I use the Bible as a last resort just prior to hooking up the subject for the examination. I am lazy and sure hate to work when I can do it the easy way."

The Polygraph In Government

What was a few years ago the greatest triumph of the lie detector—its increasing use by government agencies to check up on their employees—has now become the profession's biggest headache. The extensive polygraph program at the Oak Ridge atomic-bomb plant was discontinued last year as being ineffective in detecting security risks, and the methods of the examiners in other government departments have caused a great deal of resentment and even scandal.

President LeMoyne Snyder warned the 1953 convention of the Academy of Scientific Interrogation: "It takes just a few fiascos, a few more Congressmen sounding off . . . to just knock the whole thing on the head. We have to do everything that is humanly possible to see that this doesn't happen . . . that persons who practice this profession are of such standard and such calibre, morally as well as scientifically, that the good name of the lie detector is protected."

WHILE THERE is no doubt that the instrument has scored some remarkable successes in criminal work, there is considerable doubt whether it can be used effectively—or decently—in inquiring into the political and personal habits of the great numbers of citizens who happen to work, or happen to want to work, for their government. For several years now, disturbing stories have been floating around Washington about the sufferings and injustice caused by lie-detection tests.

Professor Fred E. Inbau, a widely respected authority, co-author with John E. Reid of *Lie Detection and Criminal Interrogation,* has sharply criticized the government's use of "unqualified and improperly trained" examiners: "For the future welfare of this nation, let us hope that somewhere along the line of persons responsible for the security of our secret weapons . . . there develops a realization that the dependability of lie detection tests results is no greater than the qualifications and the ability of the examiner himself." Those words were written in March, 1950. Except for an angry speech by Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon in January, 1952, no high official in Washington has, from what the record shows, developed such a realization.

Now that the Oak Ridge program has been abandoned, the lie detector is used for general security screening in only three government agencies, so far at least as the official

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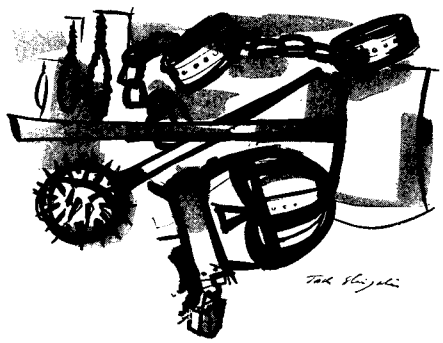
smoke screen on this delicate subject can be penetrated. All three are extraordinarily hush-hush defense agencies: the Operations Research Office (ORO), the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), and the National Security Agency (NSA). The Army set up ORO, as a civilian adjunct of its G-3 division, in the fall of 1948 under contract with Johns Hopkins University. ORO's staff of some three hundred apply scientific methods to the solution of problems of combat warfare. As the organization expanded from the original small group most of whom knew each other, they themselves, according to Dr. L. H. Rumbaugh, a physicist who is its deputy director, decided to introduce the polygraph as an added security check. So in 1950, Russell Chatham, who was then also chief of the Atomic Energy Commission's Oak Ridge polygraph operation, began testing ORO personnel; he still spends several days a week examining new ORO employees and also "running" everybody else in the organization on the machine twice a year.

In 1948, the CIA, which as the name suggests engages in espionage, both straight and counter-, decided to set up its own lie-detection program. "While no worker is compelled to submit to the device's estimate of his veracity," reported the *Army Times* of December 31, 1949, "ninety-nine per cent of the agency's employees have undergone the test voluntarily, including Admiral Roscoe Hillenkoetter, head of the CIA." Allen Dulles, present head of the agency, recently told *U.S. News & World Report* that "on the whole" CIA had found the polygraph "helpful," adding, "you should remember that we never use lie-detector results as conclusive. It merely gives clues to be followed up in other ways, particularly the ordinary methods of questioning . . . it has saved us a good many headaches, and has also helped establish the innocence of some people who were falsely accused."

The NSA Chamber of Horrors

The methods used in the ORO and CIA lie-detection programs, so far as can be established, have evoked little objection from the "subjects." (Some, of course, may have objected to the whole idea of such tests.) The case is far otherwise with the National Security Agency, whose polygraphists have in a relatively short time aroused more distrust and hatred of their trade than all their colleagues put together.

The NSA, known until recently as the Armed Forces Security Agency, is a highly secretive outfit—"the most silent of the intelligence agencies." It is believed to have somewhere between four and eight thou-



sand employees, engaged, it has been said, in breaking foreign codes. (Although NSA carries secretiveness so far that it warns its employees not even to speak its awesome name outside the premises, the exact locations of the latter—4000 Arlington Hall, 3801 Nebraska Avenue, and 1436 "U" Street, N.W.—as well as the names of all its key employees may be found quite easily in the Pentagon's telephone directory.)

The NSA lie-detection program was begun early in 1951 by hiring, at salaries of $6,400 a year, six examiners, none of whom, it is said, had more training than a six weeks' course at the Keeler school in Chicago, which had fallen into disrepute after the death of its founder in 1949. These alleged examiners proceeded to test every NSA employee, and they or their successors have tested every new employee taken on since then. Their methods have been, to put it mildly, appalling.

"If they think they are getting information, they are mistaken," a former employee has observed. "Maybe they're testing for emotional stability." Another theory is that the tests are a kind of hazing, designed not to find out anything about security risks but to intimidate the newcomers and break them to harness. A third theory—since the tests make no sense in terms of their ostensible purpose, such theories are necessary—is that the tests are really nothing but fishing expeditions, especially during the "discussion period" before the machine is started, to see what dirt can be turned up on the subjects and their friends.

Two CASE histories may give an idea of what has been going on at NSA. The names are fictitious because, although neither Jane Doe nor Richard Roe is still in government service, both were warned, like all who took the NSA tests, never to mention the fact that they had done so. One was even threatened with the Espionage Act—on the absurd ground that the very act of undergoing the test was "classified" information.

Jane Doe, daughter of a Pennsylvania Republican, got a job with NSA in the spring of 1952 after her graduation from a Midwestern women's college. That fall, while she was still waiting for her security clearance, she and some twenty other "unclear persons" were called to a meeting at which an Army captain asked them to agree to take lie-detector tests in order to speed up their clearances. It was entirely voluntary, he explained, adding, however, that he really couldn't say when or if those who refused to take the tests would get their clearances. The group "volunteered" unanimously to take the tests.

A few days later, Miss Doe was shown into a small bare-walled room and seated in front of a desk behind which were a polygraph and a beefy individual whom she classified as an ex-cop from his aggressive manner and his recessive grammar.

His opening remarks were to the point: "If you're lying, we're going to find you out." ("The examiner by his friendly attitude undertakes to reassure the suspect and put him at his ease," writes Clarence D. Lee in *The Instrumental Detection of Deception*. But of course Captain Lee was describing the examination of criminals, not of college girls.) The examiner handed Miss Doe a mimeographed list of questions which included some "neutral" ones like "Is your name Jane Doe?" and "Did you eat breakfast today?" mixed in with some "crucial" ones like "Have you ever associated with Communists?," "Are you an alco-

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holic?," "Are you a dope addict?," "Are you a homosexual?," and "Are you in any way subject to blackmail?" He explained that she must answer Yes or No to each question.

At this point Miss Doe began to get a little annoyed. After a "dry run" through the questions and an inconclusive fencing match as to how to tell who is a Communist and who isn't, the examiner wrapped the blood-pressure gadget around her arm, hooked the pneumograph around her chest, and attached the galvanic electrode to her hand. The machine was started, the pens began to trace their lines on the graph paper, and the examiner began to ask the questions again. The whole test took about ten minutes, she thinks, or rather would have if she had not had a bad case of hay fever that day, so that every time she sneezed a cataclysm appeared on the graph and the process had to be begun all over again. By the time the test was over, she felt that she had won the slight consolation of having irritated the examiner almost as much as he had irritated her. "Looking back on it," Miss Doe has said, "it's not the results of the test I object to—I must have passed with flying colors, since I got top-secret clearance—but the humiliation of being treated as a suspected liar and criminal."

The Ordeal of Richard Roe

Richard Roe took his test in the fall of 1951. Like Miss Doe, he had been working for several months at NSA but had not yet been cleared. Also like her, he is a college graduate—a political science major—and was interrogated by an examiner who may or may not have gone to high school. (The work at NSA demands people of high intellectual qualifications, a fact hopelessly in collision with the personnel chief's yearnings for innocents unexposed to "radical" ideas; the polygraph staff meets that officer's standards, but this very fact makes it difficult for them to communicate with the people they are supposed to test.) "I was willing, even eager, to take the test because I believed in its scientific reliability," says Richard Roe. "But halfway through, I felt like someone being tried in a Moscow purge."

The third-degree atmosphere was established the minute he entered the room. "My examiner looked and acted like a desk sergeant. He fixed me with a suspicious stare, didn't shake hands, smile, or even introduce himself." ("An examiner . . . must be an intelligent person with a reasonably good educational background, preferably college training. He should have . . . general ability to 'get along' with people and to be well liked . . ."—*Lie Detection and Criminal Interrogation*, by Inbau and Reid.)

One of the questions on the list the examiner presented to Mr. Roe was, "Have you ever been sympathetic to Communism?" It caused a good deal of grief to both of them. Mr. Roe explained, or rather tried to—"there was a total lack of empathy"—that he had studied Marxism in college and consequently found it difficult to answer this with a simple Yes or No. If by "Communism" the examiner meant Marx's doctrines, then he could only say he was sympathetic to some and unsympathetic to others. If the term was to be taken in its Russian context, then he felt obliged to say that he had once felt sympathetic to the Mensheviks but had never been sympathetic to the Bolsheviks. All of this passed over the inquisitor's head with a heavy, soughing sound like wind in the branches of a rain-soaked tree. "I got the impression that he considered anyone who had studied Marx to be *ipso facto* a security risk and also that he personally wanted me to fail."

The results were inconclusive, and Mr. Roe, a rather high-strung type, had to take the test three more times, each time with ambiguous results. After each test, his security officer tried to persuade him to resign quietly, thus avoiding the possible stigma of being fired. The security officer also seemed anxious to save the security division a lot of trouble and possibly to add a scalp to be displayed to inquiring McCarthys later on. Mr. Roe was finally dropped, much to everyone's relief, including his own.

Peeping Tom And His Polygraph

Other veterans of the polygraph wars at NSA tell stories similar to Miss Doe's and Mr. Roe's. The examiners seem to have violated just about every rule of proper polygraph technique. The questions were often extremely vague—"Have you ever done anything you were ashamed of?" "Are you now or have you ever been in sympathy with leftist ideas?" ("The preparation of test questions is an extremely important aspect of the examination. The question must be unambiguous, unequivocal and thoroughly understandable to the subject."—Inbau and Reid, *op. cit.*)

When a psychology major in college who is working on his doctor-

THE SUPER-WEAPON

A COUPLE of years ago, the United Press sent out a story concerning one Roy Post, identified only as "a New York criminologist and inventor," who had proposed a "sixth column" armed with lie detectors to eliminate suddenly and completely all Communist fifth columnists. "Volunteering to serve without pay, Mr. Post said he would train 10 or 12 operators, equip them with lie detectors, and send them into strategic industries which might be subject to sabotage. 'With a battalion of that kind,' Mr. Post said, 'we could examine about 2,000 persons a day, about one every three minutes.'" Although expert opinion holds that no meaningful test can be conducted in less than about forty-five minutes, Mr. Post suggested that the subjects be required to answer Yes or No to just three questions:

"Did you eat breakfast today?"

"Do you drive a car?"

"Are you in the employ of any foreign government?"

Despite Mr. Post's impressive confidence in his proposal—"We'd have the rats running to their holes the minute we started"—it seems to have been stillborn. Perhaps it was too complicated. Let us refer to page 188 of Lee's *Instrumental Detection of Deception* for an outline of "a questioning technique which is both simple and brief." It may be just what we need in this country today. The subject is to be asked only *two* questions:

"Are you innocent?"

"Are you guilty?"

Remember! We want a simple answer of Yes or No!

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ate in history got the one about "leftist ideas," he asked to have the question reformulated. "But the examiner refused—he couldn't see why if I was 'innocent' I found it hard to answer. We just weren't *en rapport* at all." Another NSA subject—or victim—has reported that at one point his examiner shouted at him, "Goddammit, you're lying! I know you're lying, the machine tells me so!" ("The cross-examiner must remember at all times that he is not seeking to browbeat, trip or confuse his witness, as is a cross-examining attorney in court. . . . Such conflict reactions only make the blood pressure record harder to read."—William Moulton Marston, *op. cit.*)

Look Out for the EPQ!

Although all the manuals urge the examiner to try to reduce rather than increase emotional tension, so that significant reactions are not masked by irrelevant ones, the NSA gang relied heavily on what is known unfavorably in the trade as the EPQ (Embarrassing Personal Question) technique. EPQs are generally directed to the more intimate aspects of the subject's sex life. Women are apt to resent being asked, by a strange man, questions like (to unmarried girls) "Have you ever slept with a man?"—at least one is reported to have walked out at this point—and (to married women) "Did you sleep with your husband before you were married?" Reaction to EPQs, Inbau and Reid have written, "is not significant for any practical useful purpose. Moreover, it can be misleading. . . . The factors of surprise, anticipation, embarrassment, etc., which constitute the stimulating effect of a 'personal embarrassing' question, are totally different and unrelated to those involved about a question about the offense (e.g. burglary) under investigation. For control purposes the examiner might just as well set off a firecracker. . . ."

The folklore of NSA is full of stories about these tests: the office belle, an innocent young thing who was asked if she liked girls and got into trouble when she said of course she did; the married woman who got one examiner fired because after he had asked her "Have you ever cheated on your husband?" he told her she was lying when she said No and later called her up to ask her for a date; and the leering assumption on the part of the examiners that anyone who had spent much time abroad, especially in Paris, was a Don Juan, a pervert, or both.

These stories may well be apocryphal; the point is that they are told—and believed—throughout the agency. Horror tales about the polygraph department at 1436 "U" Street (a heavily guarded building between a gas station and an undertaker's parlor) are a staple of conversation. There are rumors every now and then that all employees are going to be retested annually, but, although this was done at Oak Ridge and is done at CIA and ORO, it has never been tried at NSA. It is generally felt that an attempt to rerun the old employees would be likely to provoke a mass exodus. Most of the employees resent bitterly the fact that they were bamboozled into taking a test, represented as a routine scientific process, that turned out to be a third degree.

RESENTMENT over the tests had become so articulate within a few months of their inception—probably nothing has caused so much loose talk among NSA personnel as the tests that were supposed to tighten up security there—that in the fall of 1951 three leading professionals (Russell Chatham, John Reid, and

George Haney) met in Chicago to discuss the problem. "It was decided that Mr. Chatham would go to Washington and express their displeasure and concern at the manner in which these tests were being handled," one of them has since written. "It was our information that the men conducting some of these examinations had little or no experience . . . . also that the polygraph tests were being used conclusively in determining whether or not an applicant would be employed. Mr. Chatham called on interested officers and pointed out those things which were felt to be a reflection on the polygraph field. . . . It was his feeling when he left that the situation would be corrected or stopped. Evidently such was not the case, as the practice was continued and perhaps many people have been unnecessarily harmed as a result."

The foregoing was written early in 1952. Whether or to what extent NSA has mended its polygraph manners since then is as murky as most other aspects of the Most Silent Agency. Some reports say that the EPQ flourishes there as always. Others, including Mr. Chatham, believe the situation has at last been cleaned up. NSA itself, answering questions put to it on behalf of this magazine by a Defense Department security officer, who says he himself has never been able to get any further inside NSA than the reception room, states that its examiners are now "required . . . to conduct themselves in an objective and professional manner," that they are given lie tests themselves by independent firms before being hired and are periodically retested (embittered NSA émigrés claim this is a desperate attempt to reduce the incidence of blackmailing and Peeping Tom questioning), and concludes, "Changes have been made in personnel, method and machinery, based on latest developments in the field"—a reassuring but somewhat vague reply.

The Soul-Washer

But even the excesses of the government's use of the lie detector in mass security screening cannot compare with the suffering and injustice that use of the device has caused in individual cases. Initiated as part of the Truman Administration's defensive reaction to Republican critics, the practice has increased greatly in the Eisenhower Administration. According to the March 15 number of the *Issue*, a newsletter published by the National Issues Committee:

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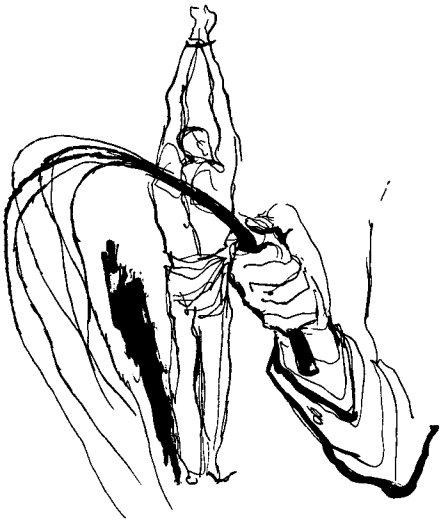
"Security officers in the executive departments have been intensifying their drive to substantiate and improve on White House claims that more than 2,000 'security risks' have been found and cleaned out of government. In the process, increasing reliance is being placed upon sex blackmail and use of the lie detector as a means of frightening employees into resigning. . . . To increasing numbers of government workers, it [the lie detector] is known as the 'Soul-Washer.'" The State and Navy Departments are definitely known to be making use of the polygraph in this way. The Alsop brothers recently reported that the Commerce Department has also used it in security cases, but the charge has been vigorously denied.

For a close-up of this aspect of the problem, let us look at the State Department, in whose harassment and demoralization the lie detector has played a considerable part.

THE STORY goes back to March, 1950, when Senator McCarthy first began to charge that the State Department was full of homosexuals. By April some Republicans were demanding that the Tydings Committee include the subject of homosexuals in State in its investigation; by May several Senators were effectively quoting Lieutenant Roy E. Blick, chief of the Washington vice squad, to the effect that 3,500 perverts, no more and no less, held government jobs and that some three to four hundred of them were in the State Department.

By the summer or fall of 1950, the State Department was using the lie detector in "Miscellaneous Morals" cases, most of them involving charges of homosexuality. The Department insists that very few tests have been given—a mere fifty-six since 1950—and these only when the subjects requested them. The figure seems much too low, and the statement that they were all given by request is simply not true. A number of cases are known in which it was the Department, not the subject, that proposed the test—with the distinct implication that refusal would be considered evidence of guilt.

It is highly doubtful, moreover, whether the polygraph can detect homosexual tendencies. On this point security officers tend to the optimistic view, professional polygraphists to the pessimistic on the ground that questions about sex set up such violent reactions in almost everybody in this land of the Pilgrims' pride as to obscure the specific true-or-false reactions. Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, also, has stated: "I personally would not want to accept solely what the operator of a lie detector



says the instrument shows in proving that a man was or was not a sex deviate." In the cases of at least two State Department officials the charge was false and was shown to be so by the lie detector itself—but that did not make the experience any less humiliating.

'I've Never Been So Sickened'

Just what this use of the polygraph means in human and moral terms is suggested by the experience of a $12,000-a-year State Department employee who took a "Miscellaneous Morals" test some time ago. By then, McCarthy's campaign against the Department had reached a crescendo. Its security officers were working overtime investigating a spate of individual denunciations, most of them sent in by a so-called "loyal American underground" inside the Department which was in fact a McCarthy fifth column.

Our man, whose name is not Glenn Tweed, is a solid citizen—happily married, two children, a suburbanite, voted for Eisenhower. One morning, he was summoned to an interview with a security officer who told him that derogatory information had been received about him. Mr. Tweed said he would be willing to answer any questions.

"I was asked how I had been brought into government service, who had recommended me, and so forth. I replied I had not sought the job but had been asked to join, and I gave the names of my sponsors, who happened to be *personae gratissimae*. Then suddenly there was a change of pace and of tone. The man across the table asked me about my sexual development: When and where did I first feel a need for sexual activity? When did I start masturbating? Was I ever separated from my wife for a long period of time? (Yes—during the war) Were there any disputes as a result? (No) Was readjustment difficult? (No) Was I now leading a normal sex life? (Yes) My answers must have been rather flippant, and I must confess I had no idea what it was all leading up to. I thought this was another of those psychological tests so dear to our managerial experts.

"Did I know any homosexuals? (Yes) Well, give their names. It was then I suddenly realized what the questioning was all about. It also occurred to me it would be fantastic to name people I knew only casually, who were not government employees, and whom I classified as homosexuals only because such was their reputation. So I declined. More questions. Who was the first woman I had intercourse with? (Couldn't recall her name) Was it a pickup? (Yes) Was I disillusioned? (No) Again I took it as something of a joke. 'Listen, my friend,' said my interrogator, leaning forward, 'this is serious. We have information indicating you are a homosexual.' I was flabbergasted and said I would answer more seriously. More questions. Had I ever been arrested? (No) Had I at any time made a gesture toward any of my colleagues that could be interpreted as a pass? (No, but how could I be sure?) Did I know any of these people? He gave me a list of well-known persons publicly identified as homosexuals. Finally, I was asked to sign a sworn statement I was not a homosexual and reminded I would be arrested for perjury if it was false. I dictated it at once.

"I was then told my statement would be strengthened if I took a lie-detector test. I said this seemed uncalled-for and humiliating. 'Of course

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you don't have to take it,' he said, 'but it *would* help.' I gathered that if I didn't take the test, the charge would remain in the files regardless of what action was taken. I agreed to take it.

"A FEW DAYS later, I was taken to an interrogation room and introduced to the polygraph examiner, a very young and pleasant psychologist who showed me the machine. He also showed me the questions he was going to ask me—the key ones were more sexual queries, very childish—and asked if I was ready and relaxed. I said I was ready and mad. 'Don't be mad, because if you react too strongly it will obscure the test and I'll have to start all over again.' The first time around after I was hooked to the machine, I was still angry and shook my head violently in replying negatively to some questions. We had to start all over again, twice. The examiner became a little less pleasant. It occurred to me it was all useless and absurd. I answered the questions more calmly, getting sleepier by the minute. The questions seemed to be arranged so as to build up tension, but it didn't build up—I wasn't even curious, let alone worried, as to what the next one would be.

"The biggest build-up came at the end: 'Now then, here is the $64 question. . . . Are you ready? . . . Sure? . . . Your whole future may depend on this one. . . . Here it is. . . . Have you ever . . . been drunk?' 'Yes.' When the test was over—it seemed like an hour at least, but I lost track of time—the examiner said take it easy and left with a bunch of graphs. Ten minutes later, he came back with the security officer, who said, 'Well, it looks O.K. Can't give you a final answer, but it seems fine. You'll hear from me.' I never did.

"As I thought it all over later, I felt more and more angry and humiliated. In urging me to take the test, the security officer had implied it would make his own task easier, would give him—as well as me—protection in case the matter were raised again. So I'd done it 'for the good of the service.' But now I wish I hadn't. I felt rotten about it. The next day my boss greeted me as if I had won the Olympic games: 'I just had a call from the security chief. He wants me to congratulate you. The charges against you have been destroyed and a commendation has been put into your file!'

"I've never been so sickened. Congratulations for what? I never heard a word about the business again. Months later, after some investigating of my own, I concluded that the accusation had probably been lodged by a subordinate, a rather pathetic alcoholic, who had a grudge against me about a matter of discipline—but I had lost my respect both for the Department and for myself. I believe that when you go through the motions of the lie test you lose your usefulness as a public servant because you have submitted to something no gentleman can tolerate: You have let a machine verify your word of honor. Whether you are found guilty or not, your career in government is over—mine was, anyway—on the day you sit down and hold hands with the gadget."

'It Was a Living Hell'

The most significant thing about Mr. Tweed's experience is that although he was triumphantly vindicated by the polygraph, he was so disgusted by it all that he got out of government service. How many other able and decent Americans have similarly been driven out of the State Department is not known. What is known is the subversive influence of the

machine on the functioning of the Department. The wrecking process in the Department and the climate of terror it has engendered has gone so far that early this year five of its former high officers were moved to issue a statement of warning that concluded: "Fear is playing an important part in American life at the present time. As a result, the self-confidence, the confidence in others, the sense of fair play and the instinct to protect the rights of the non-conformist are . . . in abeyance. But it would be tragic if this fear, expressing itself in an exaggerated emphasis on security, should lead us to cripple the Foreign Service, our first line of national defense. . . ." The signers were Norman Armour, Robert Woods Bliss, Joseph C. Grew, William Phillips, and G. Howland Shaw, who have in common not only long and honorable State Department careers but also notably conservative political views.

A few weeks later, William D. Huskey, a veteran security officer in the Department, resigned, stating he could no longer endure the reign of terror instituted by Scott McLeod, whom McCarthy had backed for the job as Security Chief. "Everyone worked in an atmosphere of fright," said Mr. Huskey. "It was a living hell for anybody who dared question McLeod's wisdom."

THE USE of the lie detector has played an important part in the creation of this "living hell." There was, for instance, the recent case of a Foreign Service officer of very high rank who, having won the enmity of Senator McCarthy and his friends, was questioned over and over by McLeod's security men about his sex life. They tried everything—the lie detector, even kindness. "Surely you're not telling us everything. Surely in your whole life something must have happened. If you'd just tell us about this and co-operate, it would be much easier all around." The "subject" racked his brains and finally obliged his interrogators by dredging up an episode of his boyhood. Once they had it, they asked if he wanted to resign quietly or face an open hearing. He resigned. Still another senior Foreign Service officer, who was on McCarthy's list, was charged with homosexuality, subjected to the polygraph, and finally resigned, even though by that time there was no longer any doubt that the charge was false.

Although lie-detector tests are not yet "universal in the State Department," the Alsops wrote on February 21 last, "they are becoming a

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more and more generally accepted practice."

Chaos In Washington

When Anthony Leviero of the New York *Times* was preparing his pioneer survey of the government use of lie detectors back in December, 1951, he discovered that Robert Ramspeck, then chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, was not even aware that lie detectors were being used anywhere in government service. Neither Chairman Ramspeck nor his successor, Philip Young, once apprised of the facts, has announced any regulations about the use of the polygraph, although the Commission is supposed to set conditions of employment for the more than two million Federal workers. This is typical of the chaos, confusion, indifference, and ignorance that has prevailed in Washington on the subject.

Why, for example, do CIA and NSA screen all new employees on the polygraph, while a half dozen other agencies that also handle highly classified material—notably the National Security Council, whose small staff is privy to more top-secret data than any other group in Washington—make no use of it for that purpose? Why does the Navy use it in security cases, but not, at least according to their spokesmen, the Army or Air Force, who say they use it only in criminal investigations? Why do the State Department and the U.S. Information Agency use the device but not the Foreign Operations Administration?

There is no agreement even among Federal law-enforcement agencies on the use of the lie detector in criminal cases. Post Office inspectors and the Treasury's Secret Service have their own machines and make frequent use of them, while the Internal Revenue Department and the Bureau of Narcotics don't. And the most hallowed of all law-enforcement agencies, the FBI, has consistently taken a dim view of the gadget. Although no agency is a more tempting object of Communist infiltration than the FBI, it does not screen its employees on the polygraph, nor does it employ the device in its security investigations. "I would never accept the conclusion of a lie detector as proof of innocence or guilt," J. Edgar Hoover told a Senate committee in 1953. "All that it can be called is a psychological aid. . . . I do not have confidence in it as specifically proving anything."

Early in 1952, Congressman Edmund P. Radwan, a Republican

from Buffalo, New York, introduced a bill in the House setting up a committee to investigate the use of the lie detector in government service, to find out if it was effective in security screening, and, if so, to establish rules for its use and for the protection of employees who took the test. Nothing further has been heard of this bill, nor has Senator Morse followed up on his promise to investigate further and introduce corrective legislation if necessary.

How to Beat the Machine

The chief reason the Atomic Energy Commission gave for terminating the big Oak Ridge program after seven years was that the tests had simply not turned out to be effective in security screening. It is not hard to see why. An enemy agent sent into a war plant or a sensitive government agency where polygraphic screening took place would most certainly be trained in ways to beat the machine. And there are ways.

Pain is a kind of emotion and hence registers on the graph; a tack inside the shoe on which the subject pressed from time to time would produce a sensational record. Simply thinking of something else can be misleading: There was the case of Jerry Thompson, who confessed to and was executed for the murder of Mildred Hallmark, but who had been able to pass a lie-detector test by keeping his thoughts whenever he was asked "Did you kill Mildred?" on another Mildred he had known. Aspirin or drugs will change the heart action, breathing can be controlled, and flexing the muscles will affect blood pressure. Inbau and Reid devote five pages to the last point alone, concluding: "An *untrained* [our emphasis] subject can consciously or unconsciously influence his blood pressure reactions to such a degree as to . . . confuse the examiner."

Even when the subject is not trying to beat the machine, a wide variety of conditions can interfere with accurate results. Thus a draft of a set of instructions on polygraph work soon to be issued by the Provost Marshal General's office warns against its use on those with permanent heart or lung ailments, or of highly nervous or excitable dispositions, or those addicted to drugs. Such temporary conditions, the draft points out, as drunkenness, colds, coughing spells, asthma, hiccups, hay fever, and other allergies render a subject unfit for testing. "Do not," say the instructions, "fail to consult the examiner when you are in doubt about a person's fitness to take the test. If there is still a doubt, the examiner should consult a medical officer or a psychiatrist." Significantly, the Army document also rules out polygraph tests for homosexuality in the absence of an alleged overt act.

Also significantly, the document suggests that the test should be witnessed by observers outside the room by means of a two-way mirror and hidden microphones. This would seem to imply that not the least threat of a polygraph test to government employees, especially in "Miscellaneous Morals" cases, is the possibility that the whole interview, including the intimate exploratory questioning before the actual test is made, may be tape-recorded and filed away as part of the subject's permanent file. As one former Foreign Service officer of senior rank has put it: "When recorded on a tape in concentrated form and subsequently transcribed, [these interrogations] are irresistible means of

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blackmail for any disgruntled clerk, unscrupulous politician, or personal enemy, and since government files are notoriously insecure, the victim of the test may well find himself vulnerable for ever after, so long as he remains in service."

There are countermeasures the examiner can take against a subject who is deliberately trying to falsify a test, but new ways to beat the machine will probably arise (as they have in the past), and there will inevitably be a time lag between them and the countermeasures. A current study of the polygraph in security work by the Office of Naval Intelligence includes this italicized warning: *"It is therefore possible that presently unknown evasive techniques may be developed. If so, it would have to be assumed that subversive individuals attempting to infiltrate the Government would be adequately briefed in their use."* Although it describes the polygraph as "a valuable adjunct to investigative techniques," the report concludes: "However, an improper use of the instrument will produce security clearances which might in particular instances have the most far-reaching and dangerous results."

SUCH "improper use" has certainly been made of the instrument at the National Security Agency, and may still be going on. The aggressive, bullying tactics of the NSA examiners must have distorted many a polygraph record there. "The positive suggestions of guilt constituting part of a 'third degree' procedure," write Inbau and Reid, "may produce reactions during a subsequently administered lie-detector test of an innocent person which will simulate true deception criteria . . . Moreover, the same pre-test experience may so condition a guilty subject that his enmity toward the investigators, rather than the offense itself, becomes the center of his thinking. The ordeal may actually relieve him of whatever mental conflicts are present because of his criminal act [so that his] deception may not be detected. . ." This statement is interesting in view of the fact that top-secret clearances were given at NSA, as in the case of Jane Doe, solely on the basis of the lie-detector examination.

Even when the examination is conducted under satisfactory technical conditions and by a well-qualified examiner, as in the case of Mr. Tweed of the State Department, the mere fact of its being given is destructive to morale. There must be a maximum of mutual confidence if any group is to function well, but how can morale be maintained when high officials are strapped to a whirring gadget and asked intimate questions about their private lives?

Decent human relations simply cannot exist in an atmosphere in which everyone is presumed to be lying—for, protest as the polygraphers do, asking someone to take a test amounts to saying, "You claim you're not a liar—well, we'll see!"

Writing in the Washington *Post* of September 21, 1952, Jerry Klutz wryly noted: "The lie-detector operators in Government know more about the sex lives of more persons, with the possible exception of Dr. Kinsey, than anybody. In fact, questions on one's sex life seem to be their favorites."

An American Specialty

A few months ago, the West German High Federal Court ruled that lie-detector findings were not proper evidence in court. The reason given was not that such evidence is scientifically unacceptable but that the test was a violation of basic human rights. Specifically, it was a violation of the first article of the Bonn Constitution: "The dignity of man is inviolable. It is the duty of all state organs to respect and protect it." The judges held that the lie detector reduced the defendant to the level of an "object" and so deprived him of the right to be a fully active "participant" in his trial.

Whether this is a fair indictment or not—and it should be noted that in American trials it is often the defendant who demands the polygraph, and also that the instrument has cleared the innocent as well as trapped the guilty—it is a typical European reaction. After listing the scientific objections to the lie detectors, Dr. Pierre Schneider, director of the psychiatric clinic of Lausanne University, concludes: "But the inaccuracy of this method is not the main reason for neglecting it. In our conception of the freedom of man and of his free determination, we think that every subject has the right to tell a lie if he chooses this method of defense. No medical or psychological method can be used against him . . . . the authorities ought to prove by their methods, which should respect the free will of the subject, falsity or truth."

Although much of the early experimental work that led to the polygraph was done abroad, the instrument has seldom or never been used by British or Continental police —and certainly not by governments. "The instrumental detection of deception remains a typically if not exclusively American practice," Paul V. Trovillo writes in the February, 1953, *Tennessee Law Review*. "Its use abroad today is, so far as I know, limited to the large-scale use in investigative and counter-espionage work by our Armed Services."

There will shortly be one exception, however: The Reid agency in Chicago is training two Israeli physicians who were sent over by their government to learn polygraphic technique. And there already may be another nation using lie detectors. According to Colonel Ralph W. Pierce, who first brought the lie detector into important government use, "No other country to my knowledge uses lie-detector equipment unless the Russians are using those five machines we had in China when China was taken over by the Communists. I have often wondered what they are doing with them."

PRAISING the polygraph, an old-time police sergeant recently said: "I used to take the boys into the back room and use my club. The lie detector is better. It's a lot easier, and it don't leave marks." Except on the spirits of a good many government employees, and except on the fabric of American democracy.

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Pandit Nehru Takes a Trip

CHRISTINE WESTON

When the arrangements were being made for me to accompany Prime Minister Nehru and his official party to the erstwhile princely states of Jaipur, Jaisalmer, and Udaipur—now known as Rajasthan—I was implored by Nehru's secretary to be at the New Delhi airport in plenty of time, because the Prime Minister is punctual and the plane was due to leave on the dot of 7:15.

Two minutes before take-off time, a black automobile flying the Indian tricolor from its hood ornament drew up before us. Nehru opened the door and stepped out. He was wearing white homespun and a Congress cap, with the added touch of a red rose in his buttonhole. He greeted me with a slight, shy smile, and as we shook hands I was struck as I had been on other occasions by the freshness of his appearance and by his alert, almost watchful manner. He greeted his entourage with folded hands, in the Hindu fashion. Voices, smiles, actions all seemed muted as though he were conducting the andante movement of a concerto.

The cabin of the Prime Minister's aircraft was furnished with two swivel chairs on one side and a sort of narrow berth on the other. Two gentlemen settled themselves in the chairs and I was invited to take my place at one end of the berth. As soon as we were airborne Nehru opened a stack of newspapers and began to read. The paper that I had brought with me carried the speech on the hydrogen bomb that he had made the day before in the House of the People, and when I had finished reading it I stared out of the window at the landscape spread below us. In a moment Nehru's voice rose above the noise of the engines, and in it was a tone I had never heard before. Something he had read had evidently displeased him, for he thumped the arm of his chair, made small, violent gestures, and glared at the stout gentleman sitting in the chair beside him. I had heard much about Nehru's excitability and his displays of temper, but this was my first glimpse of such. It was over almost as soon as it had begun, and he flopped back in his chair and went to sleep.

A few minutes before we were to land at Jaipur Nehru suddenly opened his eyes and looked at me. He seemed to expect a question, and I leaned across the aisle and began: "Mr. Nehru, I'd like to talk to you about your speech yesterday. . ."

His face lit up and he slapped his knee. "Yes," he said. "Yes, yes! You know, it was the funniest thing about that speech. I had no idea of making it; then when I got up to say something I suddenly thought, Why not talk about the hydrogen bomb?"

Almost in the same breath and just as I was about to ask a question he gave me a commanding nod and said, "We're going to land. You must fasten your belt."

One-Man Show

We came skimming down the airstrip next to which was drawn up a guard of honor and a group of dignitaries bearing garlands and wearing smiles. Nehru peered through the window and made a face. "Oh dear," he murmured, "all that saluting and things."

We debarked and were received by the handsome young Rajpramukh—the Governor of Rajasthan, until recently the Maharaja of Jaipur. Standing side by side, he and Nehru took the salute and we all stood at attention while the band played the Indian national anthem, which ended, as for some reason it always does, in the middle of a bar. The assembled dignitaries closed in on Mr. Nehru and festooned his neck with garlands until only his eyes were visible. When he had accumulated about a dozen garlands he abruptly removed all but one of them and handed the rest to an attendant.

The heat was now terrific, but nothing seemed to daunt Nehru. After what seemed like endless handshaking and palavering, he climbed into the Rajpramukh's Rolls-Royce, and there took place a scene that I was to see repeated more than once on this trip. The crowd broke through the cordons of police and surged around the car, shouting his name and reaching out to touch him. He stood up laughing, patting a head here and tweaking an ear there. Finally, taking the garland from his neck, he tossed it into the crowd much as a bride might toss her bouquet. There was a howl of delight and I heard an ecstatic voice exclaim in Hindustani, "Brother, did you see? He looked in *my* direction!"

We watched Nehru's back recede like a small white lighthouse into the human sea, then drove after him through the picturesque Rajput city of Jaipur toward our next objective, a sightseeing stop at the ancient palace of Amber.

When an English crowd turns out to greet its queen, or an American crowd to shower ticker tape on a hero, there is usually a subconscious identification between acclaimer and acclaimed, but in India the gulf that divides the two is as impassable in reality as in dreams. One may touch the great man and be touched by him, but there the contact ends. Most people still believe that eminence is attained by one of two means, and sometimes by a combination of both—by the inalienable rights of heredity or by crookedness. There is of course a third alternative, that of saintliness, as in the case of Gandhi, but few aspire to that.

An Indian friend once tried to sum up Nehru's popularity in rather simple terms: "People come to look at him, not to listen. Almost everything he says is usually far over their heads. But you know how it is with us—we're bored to death most of the time and we'll go anywhere for a show."

To the intellectuals and politicians, however, Nehru stands for something more than a show. Among them he has become a controversial figure, neither hero nor darling. "A politician," one called him, simply. Another told me, "Nehru is bad for the people. He adores them and they

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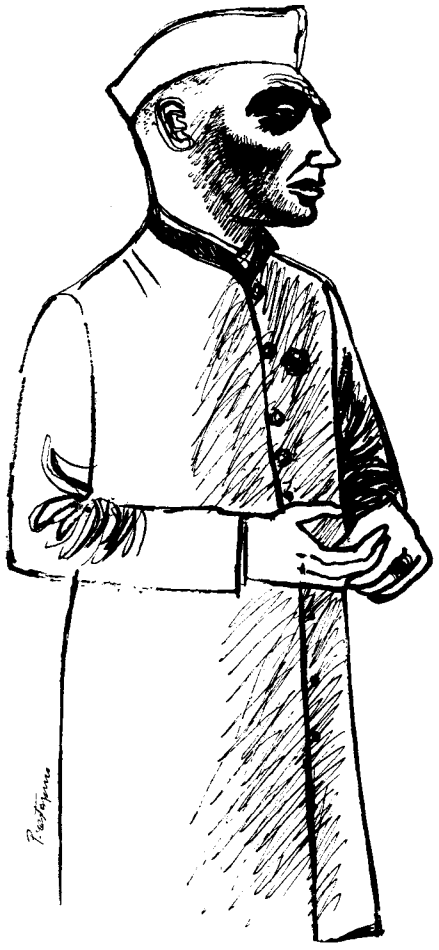
adore him and that's bad for everybody." Another expressed the opinions of a sizable segment of India's youth when he said: "Instead of lecturing the rest of the world on how to behave itself, why doesn't Nehru do something about conditions at home? After seven years of political freedom and unlimited power and prestige, what have Nehru and his party done about untouchability, about the implementation of our new Constitution, about poverty, unemployment, corruption, and all the rest of it?"

At Amber we were invited into the temple adjacent to the Palace. Discarding our shoes, we followed Nehru into the main chamber, which was lined with innumerable marble representations of the Hindu deity Siva. While the rest of us stood aside, Nehru walked—rather hesitantly, I thought—to the Holy of Holies, where a sour-faced Brahman placed another garland around his neck and anointed him with the sacred *tilak*, a spot of vermilion between the brows. This done, we all trooped out into the air and struggled relievedly back into our shoes, and a little while later I saw Mr. Nehru vigorously rubbing the vermilion spot off his forehead with a handkerchief.

High-flown Hindi

Our sightseeing over, we went to the house of the chief minister for lunch, then to a polo match, after which we drove to the town hall, where Nehru was to address a public meeting. It was getting dark when our automobile struggled in low gear through the multitudes of people who had come to hear him speak. According to a secret-service man charged with the Prime Minister's safety, who seemed to be an authority on such matters, there must have been something over two or three hundred thousand people collected before the hall, and more were arriving every minute. Our driver managed to get us to one of the gates, and we spied Nehru standing in the main balcony in a glow of light, with microphones arranged before him. Lights and loudspeakers were strung on makeshift poles and from the trees, and I could see the turbaned policemen moving through the crowd. As we made our way to the terrace below the balcony one of my companions touched my arm and pointed. Massed before us in the semi-darkness as far as we could see were the faces of men, of women and children, of babies. They had come from the bazaars and the outskirts of the city, from distant villages, taking a day, two days, or three to make the journey to Jaipur. The secret-service man murmured at my elbow: "I hope to God the loudspeakers don't go out of order. It makes him



furious when that happens."

Nehru began to speak. Like most of his speeches on such occasions, this was extemporaneous, and in Hindi. Lately some of his listeners have been known to complain that the Prime Minister's Hindi has become so high-flown that ordinary folk have difficulty in understanding him. There used to be a time, early in his career, when to speak in Hindi at all was an ordeal for him—he felt more at home in English.

Nehru told his audience how happy he was to be in Rajasthan, a country renowned for its art, its chivalrous traditions, its love of color, and its independence of spirit. He offered some fatherly advice on the necessity for hard work and the maintenance of the spirit of unity among themselves and loyalty to the nation. The Prime Minister's sentiments and his language are never those of a rabble rouser, and if one forgets the exhortations and the platitudes one cannot help feeling a kind of gratitude for his fundamental decency and common sense.

The speech over, we fought our way through the crowd to our respective automobiles and repaired to the Rajpramukh's guesthouse to change for dinner. In the palace garden the trees were softly illuminated by electric bulbs hidden among the leaves; there were fountains, a native orchestra, and long tables set up on the lawn. No alcoholic drinks were served, and atmosphere and conversation were subdued to the point of inanition—a rather disconcerting change from the noisy confusion of the day. Nehru, I noticed, often produces this effect on a small group. He seems to have no talent for putting people, strangers especially, at their ease, possibly because he does not always feel at ease himself in such circumstances.

After dinner we were invited to the pavilion to listen to a special offering by the orchestra. A woman soloist sang for us, accompanied by a drummer and two stringed instruments. Ordinarily I like Indian music, but on this occasion each instrument seemed to be vying with the other in a whining discord, and the song was one long crescendo of anguish, the singer's facial contortions doing nothing to offset the impression. Nehru sat through it without moving a muscle, but I noticed the Rajpramukh slip unobtrusively into the garden, where he murmured to a friend, "God-awful, isn't it?

As the concert came to an end on a final agonized yelp, Nehru rose and thanked each of the performers personally, shook hands with the rest of us, bade us goodnight, and the party was over.

At six the next morning we boarded our plane and flew over to the twelfth-century fortress city of Jaisalmer, a gigantic anthill of

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brown stone that dominates the landscape for miles around. Except for a few stunted trees that seemed to consist entirely of thorns, there was not a vestige of green or a sign of water. All eight thousand of the local inhabitants had turned out to do honor to their Prime Minister, and here as in Jaipur I was struck by the contrast of the people's dress to their grim surroundings. The turbans of the men and the dresses of the women massed together gave an effect of some extraordinary garden growing out of the brown land under the white-hot sky.

After the usual round of speeches and sightseeing we witnessed a camel race, after which Mr. Nehru mounted the winning camel and went jolting around the palace compound, looking very solemn and not a little silly. Later, back in the plane, he looked out of the window and gazed for some minutes at the little group that was waiting in the blazing sun to see him depart. I heard him murmur: "There they are, and they haven't changed for a thousand years!"

The Unforgettable Maharana

Our next stop was Udaipur, the garden state of Rajasthan, with groves of trees and artificial lakes set amid small green hills. En route, Nehru undertook to instruct me briefly on the history and hierarchy of Udaipur and its ruling house. "The Maharana is the leading prince—or he used to be—of this group of Indian states. All the others, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Jaisalmer, bow down to him."

It seemed that the Maharana was old and had been crippled from birth. Unable to produce an heir, he had adopted a young relative, known as the Yuvraj, or Heir Apparent. It must be remembered that although these rajas and maharajas have forfeited the enormous powers and prestige enjoyed by them under British rule, the new Indian government has permitted them to retain their titles and their personal property, the latter amounting in some cases to millions of dollars. At the time of national independence the Maharana of Udaipur augmented his title with the honorary one of Maharajpramukh — senior governor — whereas the actual governor is merely Rajpramukh.

Since Nehru had been gracious enough to enlighten me on these fine distinctions, I felt that it would be neither polite nor tactful to hand him the democratic raspberry by reminding him of some of the unflattering things he'd said about these same princes and princelings in the days of their stoogehood to the British Raj.

At Udaipur airport there awaited us on a sort of portable throne the oddest little figure I have ever seen. Dressed in a badly fitting Norfolk jacket that reached to his knees, his head swathed in a turban of flowered muslin tied in the traditional Rajput style, was His Exalted Highness the Maharajpramukh, a shriveled little doll whose pantalooned legs ended in a pair of sandals the size of a five-year-old child's. Behind this pathetic figure stood a semicircle of his nobles, all looking as if they'd stepped out of a sixteenth-century Rajput painting, with their short brocaded jackets, tight trousers, cummerbunds, and jeweled swords. Beside the Maharana sat his adopted heir, a weedy youth in a pink turban laced with silver.

When the formal greetings were over, the Maharana's *palki*—a tiny palanquin upholstered in purple velvet with crimson cushions—was brought forward. The two stalwarts in red turbans suddenly stooped, seized the little man by his arms, hoisted him off his throne, and dumped him, rather unceremoniously I thought, into the *palki,* which was then borne away on the shoulders of four henchmen in purple velvet livery with swords tucked into their belts.

The People's Joke

The rest of us now got into our cars and went in pursuit of Nehru along the route mapped for him by the conscientious Udaipur police, who'd hoped to whisk him away before the restive crowds got out of hand. But they had reckoned, as usual, without their charge. Enraged by what he considered a namby-pamby concern for his safety and by this attempt to balk his devoted admirers of their just rights, the Prime Minister promptly ordered his driver to turn back, and in a second the crowd was all over him, shouting, laughing, and cheering. A secret-service man turned to me with a groan. "See? This is what always happens. He makes it impossible for us to take proper precautions for his safety."

I said consolingly, "They love him so much, I doubt anyone would touch a hair of his head." To which he replied grimly, "They loved Gandhi, too."

When finally the tumult wore itself out, our procession was reformed and we headed for the site of the new waterworks, where the Prime Minister was to make a speech and lay the cornerstone. At the near end of a large grassy rectangle the authorities had painstakingly set up a little platform on stilts, neatly roofed with boughs and reached by a flight of wooden steps. Microphones were arranged on the platform, and two loudspeakers hung rather precariously from trees on either side of the assembled multitude.

After a few sentences Nehru paused and told the crowd that he was not satisfied all could hear him, and would those who could please raise their hands? Some people did. However, still haunted by the thought of not being heard by all, he paused again, this time to sug-

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gest that those who might be having some difficulty hearing him, raise *their* hands. This time every hand was lifted, whereupon Mr. Nehru's celebrated temper broke loose. He swung toward his attendants and burst into a tirade. Could they never manage to make *anything* work? Was there something so complicated about a loudspeaker that it took genius to operate it? The crowd, inspired by this exhibition, began to whoop and whistle. Nehru thrust the microphones aside and furiously attacked the pulley and chain that held the cornerstone for the new waterworks. Would the pulley work? Amid the prayers of the priests (and, no doubt, the prayers of those responsible for the mechanism) it did work, and the stone slid neatly into place.

This done, Nehru, still hurling verbal brickbats at his disgruntled followers, flounced down the steps of the platform and marched straight toward the crowd, which as one man rose to meet him. It was like a tidal wave, and at the first ripple I turned and sped to the jeep I had been riding in and vaulted into the seat.

"It was all the purest mischief on the part of those people," declared an official standing near the jeep. "There was nothing wrong with the loudspeakers. Panditji should never have bothered to ask whether they could hear him or not."

I said, "Do you mean they could hear him and just pretended they couldn't, for the hell of it?"

"Of course. That's their idea of a joke."

One of the entourage now came up to me, literally wringing his hands. "Everything is ruined! He's in an awful temper. He said we didn't have an idea in our heads. *He said we didn't have any heads!*"

THAT NIGHT as I reeled into bed in the Maharajpramukh's guesthouse, there was a knock on my door and an apologetic voice informed me that the Prime Minister's suitcase had gone astray, and might it possibly be with me? It was not, and I dropped off to sleep with the somehow consoling reflection that in India, in the most exalted circles, great men are subject to the same minor mishaps that beset the rest of us.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Guilty as Charged —And Proud of It

ANTHONY WEST

LISTENING to the radio I hear the heavy, heavily dishonest voice booming out its calculatedly confused phrases, and one of them comes to my ears again and again: "... this man, this man, with his Communist background. . . ." And then I hear it explained that the man in question had allowed a benefit for Spanish refugees to take place on his lawn. I sweat lightly and, as a British-born applicant for American citizenship, wonder just precisely what my own background is.

MY FIRST MEMORY of knowingly and deliberately making a contribution involves refugees. It was at the Earls Court Exhibition grounds early in the 1920's. I had been taken, at my request, to see a performance of the Don Cossacks. They were touring England with a curiously mixed show, made up of the Don Cossack Choir and a team of Cossack riders. I had been told that the riders could do wonderful things and I wanted very much to see them. But when we had taken our seats the choir came out and sang and sang and sang. The horsemen did not appear. There was a mounting tension in the air as the show went disappointingly on, and the audience became restless. Then at last a spokesman for the horsemen came forward and announced that he and his comrades were willing to appear but that they did not feel that they could do so until they had had their pay for the previous two weeks, which was still owing to them. He explained that many of the performers were destitute and he asked the audience to give what they could to the collectors who would be waiting at the exits. The management then apologized and was booed by the audience.

On my way out I borrowed a shilling from the aunt who had taken me and popped it into the tin can held out to me by the first real Cossack I had ever seen. I admired his sheepskin hat, his high-waisted gray coat, and the cartridge pouches on his chest, and I felt a slight thrill of fear as I approached him. I had had a Polish governess briefly the year before who had filled me with stories about the Cossacks that were greatly to their discredit. They had used knouts on the Poles with far too great a freedom, and they had done other things that sounded much worse.

But I was going home to tea, tea with muffins, and they were in a foreign land without homes and without much hope of tea and muffins, and some instinct told me that this was a case for letting bygones be bygones. It didn't occur to me then that I was leaguing myself with Denikin and Wrangel and the other White Russians who had been trying to reverse the Russian Revolution, and I don't believe I was. I find it hard to believe that I had a Czarist background, or even a background of Czarist associations.

The Refugees

Soon after that I met a Greek family who had been driven from Smyrna by the Turks, and from then on I don't remember when a refugee of some kind was not within my circle of acquaintances. Generally it was a new refugee, shocked, troubled, and curiously ashamed at finding himself or herself adrift and dependent on charity for a fresh start in life. That was almost the worst thing about it. They were not ambitious emigrants who had chosen to leave one country after reckoning up their

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chances in another, but people of attainment and substance in many cases, who had had the lives they had made stolen from them. The substance of their lives had suddenly crumbled under their feet. Their professional qualifications were meaningless, their status was lost, and they had been pitched out to start all over again with nothing. They needed help, and they found it hard to ask for help from strangers. It is very hard to beg.

Curiously enough, when I encountered these people, living on pittances doled out by rapidly organized and inadequately financed relief organizations, it never crossed my mind to ask what their politics were or what were the politics of the unpaid help who ran the organizations. I recognized a situation that did not call for questions, and I think all my friends did. It was not a question of being against fascism or for anything, it was a question of fellow creatures in trouble. There might be time to inquire about that sort of thing later on, when they had something to eat and something to do and somewhere to go, perhaps. And perhaps not even then.

I remember a Jewish boy of eight or nine whose parents had disappeared into the night and fog of the concentration camps. He caused some embarrassment at the English school in which he had been placed when the Germans sank the *Royal Oak* at the beginning of the late war. He danced round the big junior boys' common room singing, "We sank the *Royal Oak,* we sank the *Royal Oak!*" He was a German boy, it was a German victory. I don't believe that the British people who subscribed to pay his fees were Nazi sympathizers, I don't believe that the organization that handled the subscriptions was a Nazi front, though I am sure that many of its refugee staff remained patriotic Germans at heart. I am quite sure that a great many of those refugee staff workers were Communists, but I don't care in the least about that. They may have done some crooked wangling on the margin of things, but it didn't matter in the face of the necessity of breaking that log jam of misery and despair.

I suppose the Spanish children came in the wave after the Jews and the anti-Nazi Germans, or at any rate as that wave began to die down. Most of the ones I knew anything of were from the Basque country, the Viscaya, around Bilbao. After Guernica, when the savage bombing of Bilbao began, the Basques sent many of their children to England for refuge. They were scared and sad, many of them were orphans. They arrived suddenly, and there was little advance provision for them. Later on many more came from the Barcelona area; they also were scared and sad, and had starved or been hungry for a long time.

Children get swollen bellies when they are undernourished enough for long enough, and these swollen bellies make their thin arms and legs look even thinner than they are. And

of course hunger pinches faces and makes eyes seem large. I find such children repulsive and like to see that something is done about feeding them and changing them back into normal human beings. I do not care much if they are Communist Chinese children or neutralist Indian children or what they are, or who feeds them, or where they say the food comes from when they do feed them; the important thing is to get the children fed and clothed and housed.

The Unrepentant

I do not believe there are any circumstances in which feeding children can be a subversive activity. The Spanish children were hungry and frightened because a shoddy military adventurer had plunged his country into civil war in the hope of turning an inefficient democracy into a rather nastier clerical-fascist state. They were the debris cast up when a fascist rebellion overthrew what was, good or bad, a duly elected government. I feel that it was a very clear case in which feeding children and providing for their clothing and shelter was not a subversive activity.

When I look the whole thing over I am very glad that there is this derogatory information in my record, and if it has not come to the attention of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization I hope it will now be added to my record. I am deeply sorry that I did not give more money than I did to the funds for the unfortunate refugees from Spain, and am rather ashamed that I did not volunteer to work for the organization that handled the money. It was because people like myself did not find the time that a certain amount of Communist infiltration did occur. But that is what I blame myself for, not for having done what little I could conveniently do. If this information is derogatory, it is so quite simply because I did not give enough money for Spanish relief and did not do more to help the victims of Nazi and Fascist aggression in Spain.

I do not believe, either, that there was any question of political naïveté involved. I knew then as much as I know now about the nature of Communism and its hostility to democracy. That does not alter in the slightest degree the fact that the assault of the Franco-Mussolini-Hitler combination on the legally elected Spanish government was a morally indefensible crime. I am proud to say that I was a partisan of the Spanish government in that dispute. It was not a Communist government, and the Communists played no important part in that government until the Franco-Hitler-Mussolini combination had thrown the country into the confusions of civil war and created the disorders that the Communists attempted to exploit. I am as happy to have been on the side of the government in that dispute as I am to have done what little I did to give aid and comfort to its innocent victims.

Now that I have it down on paper, I feel a little easier in my mind. The background I have, I now realize, as a consequence of my slight connection with Spanish relief, is a background of common decency. I see too that it does not very much matter if that fact should be considered derogatory information when my application for citizenship comes up for hearing. If it does, that citizenship will scarcely be worth having.

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CHANNELS:

'Are We Winning, Mother?'

MARYA MANNES

OSTENSIBLY, the main purpose of the drama "Atomic Attack," shown on ABC-TV recently, was to jolt people into awareness of the extreme urgency of civil defense. David Davidson's adaptation of the novel *Shadow on the Hearth* by Judith Merril may have succeeded in doing this. In the terrible aftermath of the destruction of New York by the hydrogen bomb, a hypothetical Westchester community was indeed succored by as efficient a group of volunteers as could be hoped for.

But the play left me in a strange state of suspension, neither stunned nor sustained, and it was at first hard to know why. Here was an expert and sensitive writer (Davidson is the author of two excellent novels, *The Steeper Cliff* and *The Hour of Truth*, and a first-rate TV show, "P.O.W.") writing compassionately of an American family in the throes of the ultimate nightmare. Here were authentic data on some of the probable effects of an explosion on people within a fifty-mile radius: hysteria, looting, radiation, the housing of refugees. Here was a recognizable assortment of human beings reacting with recognizable nobility or panic

to the worst moment in their lives. And yet something was wrong.

Was it the "typical" quality of this family that made the story flat and expected instead of sharp and shocking? Somehow TV makes even the best writers confuse "human" with "typical." There were so many clichés; the pretty, nice, capable young suburban wife and mother; the ardent teen-ager, first hysterical with fear and then a little heroine; the "cute" kid sister, curls a-bobbing; the Good Sport (male); the Bad Sport (female); and finally the one character who was supposed to be daring and off the beam—Dr. Lee, the compassionate scientist.

NOW THE CASE of Dr. Lee is fascinating. In the play he is on the "suspect" list (or thinks he is) because of his religious pacifism, and it is supposed to reflect nobly on our typical family that in spite of this they harbor him. He emerges, in fact, as their spiritual and physical guardian. But I am willing to wager that he was meant to be a liberal of the Oppenheimer variety, and that to get around this embarrassment his fangs were removed and he became a pacifist. I found this concession—castration would be more accurate—both pathetic and symptomatic.

What else was unreal in this commendable effort at reality? Did the fact that TV cannot show a city burnt to death limit the impact? Did it need the blinding light, the awful mushroom? I don't think so.

There was missing, however, an image consonant with TV's powers that might have struck closer to the core of the thing and deeper into the heart. Somewhere there should have been a sight of the line of refugees from what was New York; that long, slow scribble of despair which has been the signature of war for centuries and which has never been written here. It was not enough to see a few shaken survivors billeted on our suburban family; we should have seen them on the march and on the road, like the French in 1940, like the Germans in 1945, like the Chinese in so many years, like the Koreans. Then and then only we might have realized at last that we are not exempt from the anguish of this flight from nothing to nothing, from the irreparable loss of all that we loved and knew.

Are We to Be Comforted?

In "Atomic Attack" there were a few moments that should have contracted the throat: women weeping for their dead husbands, a little girl sickening because she had fondled a toy deadly with radioactive rain, a woman doomed to death, and all of them eventually reclaiming their dignity and courage. But at no time was there a sense of deep grief or high redemption.

Most damaging of all to the power of this drama was its conclusion. Our brave suburban mother was informed by John Daly over the radio (how did he survive?) that we had plastered every key city in the Soviet Union with hydrogen bombs, that our airborne troops had landed in its territory, and that the enemy's will to resist had entirely died.

"Are we winning?" asks her little daughter eagerly. "Are we winning, Mother?"

"Not yet, darling," says her mother, gazing into space, "But we will—we will win—"

I am sure a man of Davidson's intelligence meant this "winning" as a victory of human courage over catastrophe, but I am not at all sure that this is what ABC or Motorola meant, or what millions of viewers understood. Here was the massive retaliation we have been hearing about: If they get us first, we'll get them next. Our major cities are destroyed, according to the script, and now all the enemy's major cities are destroyed. Are we to be comforted because two civilizations are in ashes?

This was the real moment of horror: the word "win."

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Conversations on Music

I. The Sounds of Love

GODDARD LIEBERSON

ALTHOUGH the traditional sound attributed to love is the cooing of doves, it seems to me that composers have been more influenced by the zoo than by the aviary in their labors on the subject. Bird noises, the coloratura trilling and warbling, the variegated peeps, are fine for suggesting pastoral interludes, but love is really too strong an emotion to be expressed by twitterings, and most composers seem to have avoided even the higher-register instruments when speaking of love.

I've always been interested in both sides of the question: that is, on the composer's side, what sounds he turns to in expressing love; and on the audience's side, which sounds suggest to them the emotions of love. Since it is well known that love is perhaps the strongest force in our life, and equally well known that nothing in nature arouses our feelings more quickly than music, the two subjects are certainly not without a common basis.

Beethoven as Audience

Because most composers, with certain exceptions, resent the labeling of their works, and because of the abstract nature of music, it is not always an easy matter to determine when a composer expresses love—or at least romantic love—in his music. To take the case of a generally abstract composer, Beethoven, it is almost an impudence to seek for specific emotional expressions in his compositions. Yet Beethoven himself certainly understood that there is the possibility of expressing not only love but even the degrees of love in music. To confirm this I would like to quote a passage from the biographical notes on Beethoven published in 1838 by Ferdinand Ries, a pupil of Beethoven who was also a pianist and composer.

"One evening," Ries says, "when I came to Baden for my lesson, I found a beautiful lady with Beethoven, sitting on the sofa. As it seemed to me that I was in the way, I proceeded to leave at once, but Beethoven called me back and said 'Play a while.' He and the lady were sitting behind me. I had played for quite a while, when the master suddenly called, 'Ries, play something sentimental.' And shortly thereafter he said, 'something melancholy.' And then: 'something passionate.' "

Beethoven certainly had specific kinds of music in mind for each of his requests. But what, I wonder? The "Appassionata" sonata? That is the title of a Beethoven sonata, yet the title was not given by Beethoven,

it was added later. It is impossible to know what kind of music Beethoven meant because, at the moment of his request to Ries, Beethoven was the audience and no longer the composer. And what do audiences consider the sounds of love—Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"?

That depends on the listener. For me "Tristan and Isolde" is redolent more of the odor of death than of love, and there is reason to believe that Wagner intended it so, since he himself spoke of a "most fervent sanctified yearning for death" in describing the closing of the second act.

'The Food of Love'

In pursuing the answer to what audiences consider the sounds of love, I once asked several of my friends who were not professional musicians their opinions on the subject. I received the most diverse and, to me, peculiar answers. One young lady for instance looked upon the symphonies of Sibelius as being high in amorous content. I thought, upon learning this, that she had told me more about herself than about Sibelius.

Yet how are we to judge? Certain parts of the music of Ravel—the slow interlude in the last movement of the "Rhapsodie Espagnol" and parts of "Daphnis and Chloe" seem to me the very essence of romantic fervor. But again, this may tell you more about me than it does about Ravel.

Corrupting Music

Tolstoy, in his novel *The Kreutzer Sonata,* credited the last movement of Beethoven's work of the same title with such seductive power that it led the hero and heroine into an adulterous relationship. As highly as I esteem Beethoven and as much as I enjoy the "Kreutzer," I feel that I can easily listen to this work without fear of a moral or emotional breakdown.

Perhaps the truth is that all music is somehow connected with the sound of love, no matter what form the music takes. In this respect we are, all of us, Professor Pavlov's dogs, choosing our own sounds on which to react. For example, one of the most touchingly romantic incidences concerns Clara Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, who survived him by forty years. For her, the sounds of love were in the works of her beloved husband, regardless of their tempi or titles. Whenever, in her lonely widowhood, she was asked to play Schumann's piano works, she drew her inspiration from rereading the love letters Schumann had written to her decades earlier during their courtship.

Possibly, for all of us it is only the personal factor that counts in such subjective experiences as love and music.

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General Truscott, Seagoing Cavalryman

H. W. BLAKELEY

COMMAND MISSIONS: A PERSONAL STORY, by Lieutenant General L. K. Truscott, Jr. *Dutton. $7.50.*

THE MARINES will do some head-shaking when they read this story of a horse cavalryman who was the senior American "observer" (an inadequate word) during the Dieppe raid, a key commander and a successful one in the seaborne assaults in North Africa, Sicily, Anzio, and Southern France.

In April, 1942, Colonel Truscott was commanding a cavalry regiment on the Mexican border when he was ordered to report to Washington. There he discovered that he was to go to Lord Mountbatten's Combined Operations Headquarters, which was responsible for amphibious training in Britain, as the head of a group of American officers. When Truscott reported to Eisenhower, then a major general and head of the Army's Operations Division, he raised the question of his inexperience—he had been in a small boat on salt water only twice in his life—and received the Army's traditional answer: "You can learn, can't you?"

Truscott, as he went up the ladder, commanding in turn the 3rd Infantry Division, the VI Corps, and the Fifth Army, often found himself over officers who had long been his seniors. He pays tribute to their complete loyalty. In our peculiar U.S. Army tradition, Truscott was never given the four stars of an army commander's normal rank.

Of Patton and Clark

His book, as the subtitle indicates, is "a personal story," told with honesty and with more frankness than might be expected. As the author says in a foreword, it was done "without professional assistance." Some paragraphs are extraordinarily illuminating. In the case of General Patton, for example, there is a brief description of one incident that shows Patton fitting perfectly into General Eisenhower's description: "His emotional range was very great and he lived at either one end or the other of it." Faced with a delay in the controversial amphibious outflanking movement at Brolo, on the north coast of Sicily, Patton stormed into Truscott's 3rd Division command post. "'Goddammit, Lucian, what's the matter with you? Are you afraid to fight?' I bristled right back: 'General, you know that's ridiculous and insulting. You have ordered the operation and it is now loading. If you don't think

I can carry out orders, you can give the Division to anyone you please. But I will tell you one thing, you will not find anyone who can carry out orders which they do not approve as well as I can.' General Patton changed instantly, the anger all gone. Throwing his arm about my shoulder he said: 'Dammit, Lucian, I know that. Come on, let's have a drink—of your liquor.'"

General Mark Clark, who was often Truscott's immediate commander, gets credit for making every effort to support subordinates in their tasks, and for being an unusually able executive and administrator, but he comes off rather poorly on other counts. "His concern for personal publicity was his greatest weakness," says Truscott. When Rome fell, Truscott "received orders to report to General Clark on Capitoline Hill . . ." He complied, but the meeting turned out to be nothing but a speechmaking ceremony. "I was anxious to get out of this posturing and on with the war," he writes.

Months later, when Bologna fell, another of Clark's liberation celebrations fell flat. "Clark led a procession of jeeps . . . on a tour of downtown streets. What we were to accomplish, I do not know. There were few Bolognese around and these did not seem overly enthusiastic . . . ," Truscott reports with evident satisfaction.

The differences of opinion between the two commanders is even more marked in tactical matters than in personal appraisals, particularly in regard to the Anzio and Rapido River operations. Of one of General Clark's plans for an attack out of the Anzio beachhead, Truscott says flatly: "A worse plan would be difficult to conceive." Truscott and other senior officers reacted so unfavorably to this particular plan that "Our pessimism was not without effect," and it was abandoned. Of the controversial attempt of the 36th Infantry Division to cross the Rapido River a few weeks later, Truscott says he told Clark under what conditions he believed a crossing would be possible and that these conditions had not been fulfilled. The attempt was a costly failure.

The Muffed Opportunity

More emphatically, he charges that Clark's turning of the main effort of the attack out of the Anzio beachhead away from the Valmontone Gap prevented the destruction of the German Tenth Army: "There has never been any doubt in my mind that had General Clark held loyally to General Alexander's instructions, had he not changed the direction of my attack to the northwest on May 26th, the strategic objective of Anzio would have been accomplished in full. To be first in Rome was poor compensation for this lost opportunity." Anzio, says Truscott, was nevertheless worth the cost.

Strangely, out of the book there emerges a sense of similarity between Patton and Truscott. Very different in appearance, manner, and approach, they had one common characteristic to which everything else had to give way. Each, as far as his part of it was concerned, was going to win the war.

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Field Marshal Kesselring, Flying Artilleryman

AL NEWMAN

KESSELRING—A SOLDIER'S RECORD, by Field Marshal Albert Kesselring. *William Morrow. $5.*

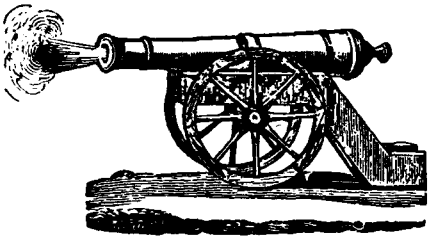
ON MARCH 7, 1945, advance elements of the 9th Armored Division of First U.S. Army crossed the Rhine on a partially destroyed bridge at Remagen. The last great barrier to victory on the Western Front was breached. Although it took three weeks of heavy fighting for First Army to establish a bridgehead from which the climactic offensive could be mounted and for the other Allied armies to close up to the Rhine in strength and push their first elements across, the outcome was never in doubt.

On March 8, Adolf Hitler summoned Field Marshal Albert Kesselring from his post in charge of the Italian Front to make him Commander in Chief West in place of the aged Gerd von Rundstedt.

On the Allied side in North Europe many asked: "Who is this Kesselring? How good is he? And what possessed him to take over this hopeless mess?"

Even in North Europe a few people knew the answers to the first two. Colonel Benjamin A. ("Monk") Dickson, First Army G-2, who had been General Omar Bradley's G-2 at II Corps in Sicily twenty-one months earlier, remembered Kesselring's maneuvers well: the extraordinary defense by inferior numbers anchored on both sides of Mount Etna and the north and east coasts of the island; the skillful bridge and cliff-road demolitions; the step-by-step fighting withdrawal to Messina; the evacuation of surviving German forces across the Strait of Messina to the Italian mainland with the loss of hardly a man.

On the U.S. Seventh Army's Palatinate Front there were entire divisions that had good cause to recall Kesselring. The 36th, whose Texans had gone ashore at Paestum on the Gulf of Salerno September 9, 1943, had come close to being pushed into the sea by forces mustered quickly from nowhere by a German commander already harassed by the sudden defection of his Italian allies one day earlier. The 45th and 3rd Divisions, rushed to the assistance of the 36th at Salerno, had even sharper memories of Anzio early the following year. The 3rd, landing in the rear of an unsuspecting enemy, soon found itself in contact with German forces which, as General Lucian Truscott, then commanding the 3rd, puts it in his excellent *Command Missions,* just couldn't have been where they were: "I suppose that arm chair strategists will always labor under the delusion that there was a 'fleeting opportunity' at Anzio during which some Napoleonic figure would have . . . galloped on into Rome. . . . On January 24 [two days after the landing] . . . We were in contact with German detachments with tanks and self-propelled artillery everywhere along the [beachhead] front."



What's Wrong with Fascism?

The German commander was Kesselring. The whole flawless defense of the Italian Peninsula was his plan—the location of line after line of fortifications and switch positions anchored firmly on terrain features and the exaction of the last drop of Allied blood for each defense line. It was adroit. It was witty. There could be no question of Kesselring's talent. He was probably the ablest of Hitler's high commanders—abler even than Rommel, whose temperament hampered his relations with both superiors and subordinates.

The answer to the third question—why Kesselring consented to take command of the tatters of the German Western Front two months to the day before the final surrender—has remained unanswered until publication of his extraordinary book. For it shows Kesselring as one of the rarest men who ever lived—a man who never asked a question, even of himself. Temperamentally at least, Kesselring must be rated the perfect commander of the armed forces of a dictatorship.

Joining a Bavarian artillery regiment in 1903, young Kesselring served with various South German units as a junior officer during the First World War. After defeat, he set quietly to work, along with other promising survivors, to get ready for the next war. In 1933, he was transferred to the air branch. Kesselring records his conversation with Lieutenant General Freiherr von Hammerstein on that occasion as follows:

" 'Has Stumpff told you about your future employment?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Well, are you satisfied with it?'

"When I said no and proceeded to summarize my reasons he cut me short with: 'You are a soldier and have to obey orders.' "

And that was that, but the transfer was the making of Kesselring, for he became one of the first generals to see war in three dimensions. As an air commander and then as commander of combined forces he saw the war on more fronts than any other high-ranking officer.

In the same year Kesselring joined the Luftfahrt, Hitler came to power. "Until 1933," writes the Field Marshal, "I avoided all personal contact with the [Nazis]. . . . It was not until the end of October 1933, when as an executive in the Luftfahrt Ministry I was able to appreciate the methodical qualities of the régime, that I gained more favourable impressions. . . ."

TO THIS DAY, Kesselring has no idea whatever that he served a monster. As a Luftwaffe brass hat he flew all over Germany in his personal aircraft year after year and never saw a concentration camp. Or if he did, he fails to mention it.

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In similar fashion—flying blind—Kesselring admired Mussolini, "... a man who through the vagaries of life had glimpsed the mountaintops and for this reason alone should have been spared the brutal, revolting end which came to him." The author is unsparing of his criticisms of Fascist inefficiencies, of the unwillingness of the civil population to sacrifice for victory, and of the reluctance of many Italian military formations to mix it with the enemy. "Yet it may be inferred from the bitter warfare of the Partisans [after Italy's surrender] against the German Wehrmacht," he admits, "that the Italian population were by no means . . . devoid of martial spirit." Why were the Italians reluctant to fight for Mussolini and eager to give the Germans a bloody nose? Kesselring, seeing two and two, never permitted—even now never permits—himself to jump at the conclusion that they add up to four.

THE HAPPY YEARS following Hitler's accession were filled with what Kesselring aptly terms "peaceful preparation for war" in his reference to the winter of 1938-39. He mentions the Nazi intervention in Franco's behalf as good training, but oddly enough does not allude to the march into Austria at all. When preparations to invade Czechoslovakia were under way, Kesselring did not allow himself to ask whether the move was morally right. It was simply a question of whether the Führer could get away with it. For Poland he blames *"one* man: von Ribbentrop, who gave Hitler irresponsible advice."

When war came, Kesselring commanded Air Fleet 1 on the Polish Front, by his own account strictly according to Marquess of Queensbury rules: "We had . . . incorporated in our air-force regulations . . . those moral principles which our conscience told us must be respected. These included limitation of attacks to strictly military targets—whose definition was only extended with the inception of total war—while

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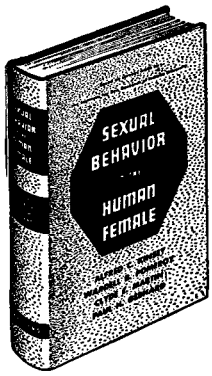

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those on open towns and civilians were forbidden." Kesselring's force repeatedly raided Warsaw, among other objectives, and did a great humanitarian job. ". . . I can say with pride that our airmen successfully tried [peculiar phrase] to restrict their attacks, as ordered, to militarily important targets, though this did not prevent inhabited houses near the targets from being hit, suffering from the laws of dispersion."

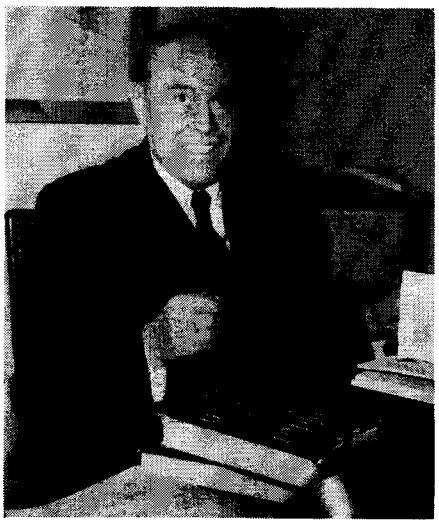
On September 27 the city surrendered, and Kesselring got the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. Later he notes with satisfaction the move of strong Luftwaffe formations into conquered Poland: ". . . an A.R.P. net was spread all over the area, which incidentally also helped the pacification of the country." If what happened in Poland after the Nazi victory was pacification, Genghis Khan was a great peacemaker.

Those Careless Dutchmen

In January, 1940, Kesselring took command of Air Fleet 2, supporting Army Group B, fronting on Belgium and Holland. Kesselring was immediately given plans for the attack, originally scheduled for February but not executed until May 10. At no time in his discussion of plans or of the campaign itself does Kesselring mention the purely incidental fact that Belgium and Holland were neutral nations, overrun without any provocation whatever. What makes him indignant is the attitude of the Dutch about his bombing of Rotterdam and the destruction of the center of the city. "The bombs fell on the target. The subsequent damage was chiefly due to fires which were fed by burning oil and grease. During the intervening lull in the fighting the fire could have been effectively got under control." It was all the fault of the lazy Dutch for not getting the fires out in time.

IN THE REGROUPING after Dunkirk, Kesselring's fleet was turned south against the French, and here they committed a few indiscretions. "It is a matter for rueful reflection," the author concedes, "that in these high- and low-level attacks civilians intermingled with the troops were hit, in spite of our airmen's efforts to attack only military units in formation." This would certainly seem to explode the uncharitable theory—advanced by some who at the time underestimated the knightly qualities of the German military—that the strafing of civilians was done deliberately to create panic and block roads.

With France disposed of, Kesselring's command was turned against Britain. "It was clear to every discerning person, including Hitler, that England could not be brought to her knees by the Luftwaffe alone. It is therefore no good talking of the failure of the German air force to reach an impossible goal." After the non-failure of the Luftwaffe against the R.A.F., Kesselring went to the Russian Front from the outset of the campaign in June, 1941, until November, when he was transferred to Italy as Commander in Chief South.



Wide World

Kesselring

Kesselring as Lawyer

On March 24, 1944, 335 Italians were slaughtered in the Ardeatine catacombs near Rome in reprisal for the murder of a number of German soldiers. Presumably, when Kesselring surrendered to General Maxwell Taylor of the U.S. 101st Airborne Division nearly fourteen months later this minor affair was far from the Field Marshal's thoughts. Taylor treated him with great courtesy, but on May 15, some other Americans, not so kind, deprived him of his medals and his baton and put him into a camp he calls the "Ash Cage," (probably code-named ASHCAN) at Mondorf. He was a witness at Nuremberg, then did time in Dachau and Langwasser, where he roomed with Otto Skorzeny. He was helping out some nice U.S. Army historians at Allendorf when certain British authorities with unconscionably long memories recalled the Ardeatine caves. In February, 1947, Kesselring went on trial for his life.

The main points in Kesselring's defense—a complicated affair—were that he had been relieved of responsibility by Hitler's order, and had tried to reduce the reprisal ratio of ten hostage executions for the murder of each German soldier—he seems not to have specified by how much. He had, however, issued the following order:

"The fight against the [Partisan] bands is to be prosecuted with every available means and with the greatest severity. I will support any commander who in his choice and severity of means goes beyond our customary measure of restraint."

Kesselring makes much of the fact that "In the first English translation the word 'means' was rendered 'methods'; so read, the sentence may appear to support the charge." He does not challenge the "severity."

A Bum Rap

Kesselring was sentenced to be shot. At this point in the book (page 365) there is an outpouring of Teutonic self-pity best left unquoted, although his conclusion that "in spite of the war's bloody doings, German soldiers were guided by humane, cultural, and economic considerations to an extent which conflicts on this scale have very seldom admitted" is bizarre enough to include here as a curiosity. In any case, Kesselring's death sentence, pronounced in May, was commuted to life imprisonment in July. He was released in July, 1952, to undergo an operation and was pardoned shortly thereafter.

The Field Marshal is still indignant, though. Dead civilians in Warsaw, Rotterdam, London, Coventry, and a host of other places, dead civilians on the roadsides of France, dead civilians lying like dirty bundles of rags before German firing squads in Italy—and eight years in jail is "a travesty of justice."

This reviewer is inclined to agree, but for slightly different reasons.

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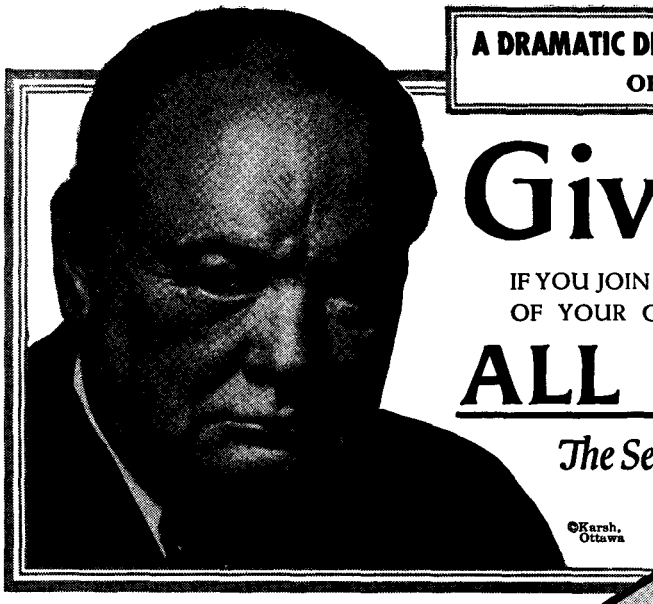

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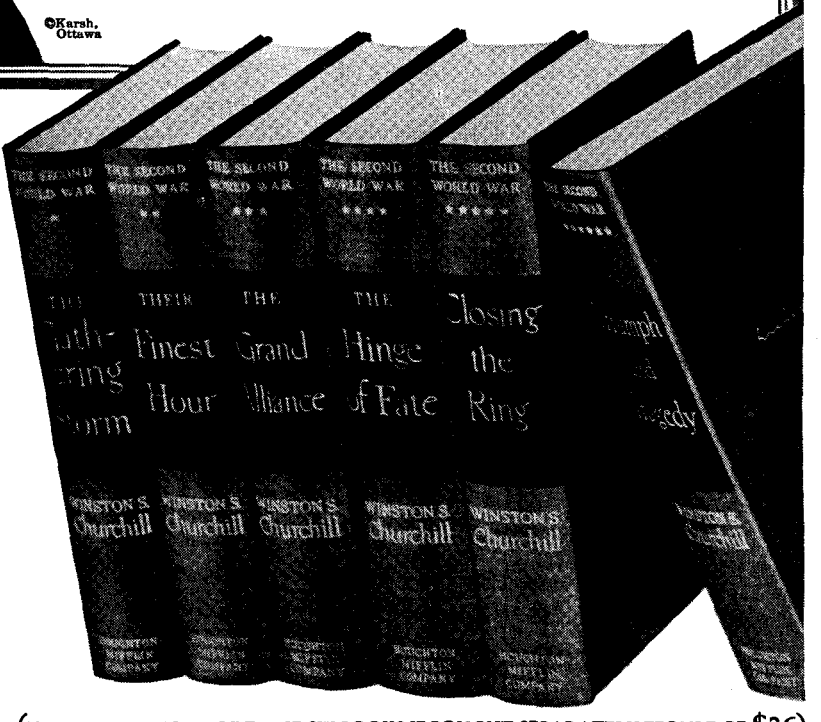

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